THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS

J. W. McSPADDEN

Presented to
United
Theological Seminary
Library
Dayton, Ohio

by

Mr. Roscoe Brane

Frontis.

THE YULE LOG

THE BOOK OF HOLIDAYS

BY
J. WALKER McSPADDEN
AUTHOR OF "STORIES FROM WAGNER," "STORIES FROM DICKENS," "OPERA SYNOPSES," ETC.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"

LIBRARY OF
United Theological Seminary
GT
4803
.M4
1917
54,983

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1917,
By THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

PREFACE

We Americans are so accustomed to taking our holidays as a matter of course—to treating them merely as rest and play days—that we constantly run the risk of losing sight of their significance. When another holiday is forward, we are not so likely to say, "Let's see, what are we commemorating this time?" as "I wonder if it will be a good day for the golf tournament?"

Nevertheless, our holidays are becoming sadly misused if they are degenerating into mere play days. They are, in fact, milestones in our national and religious life, marking the progress of certain ideas. Even when labelled with some one man's name, such as Columbus, or Washington, or Lincoln, they stand none

the less for the idea behind the individual; and what that idea is, one may well pause to consider.

If our holidays were play days, and nothing else, there would be more virtue in the plan recently suggested by a man in Montclair, New Jersey, who advocated placing each holiday on its nearest Saturday, and spacing them out to come at least one in each month. His plan was promptly voted down by most of the newspapers commenting upon it, because of two facts—first, the significance of the date would be destroyed, and second, the charm of having one's holidays coming at unexpected times would be lost.

Holidays in America fall into three general groups,—religious, patriotic, and topical. The religious holidays include Christmas, Easter, All Saints' Day and perhaps one or two others which have crossed over from the Church calendar into general observance. Our patriotic

days include Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, and others of that stripe. The third class which has grown rapidly of recent years, and may be called topical, includes Arbor Day, Bird Day, May Day, Mothers' Day, Labor Day, and the like.

Because of this very diversity of subject, one may lose sight of their purpose; for, on the one hand, we have a group of time-honored dates that we have come to accept as a matter of course; and, on the other, a group so recent that we may not be familiar with them all.

The literature which has grown up around the holidays, while considerable, is widely scattered. Beyond an excellent anthology by Edward M. Deems, "Holy-days and Holidays," which, however, does not include material on some of our more recent anniversaries, the reader would have to make an extended search for facts about them all. Mr. R. H. Schauffler

has prepared an excellent series of single volumes, each book devoted to one holiday. Other older and general sources are Chambers' "Book of Days," Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs," and Brand's "Popular Antiquities." The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to all the above, as well as scattered writings. He has also been aided no little by Mr. Albert Porter, whose wide knowledge of the older holidays, based upon his birth and residence in England, has been invaluable in the preparation of the historical matter.

To present such facts in a brief usable way in a style adapted to younger readers, and thus aid in a deeper appreciation of the meaning back of our holidays, is the purpose of this little book. While in no sense a complete treatment, it is hoped it will prove suggestive. Many rich veins of material were uncovered, often leading into other lands, for the love of observing days is as old as the human race.

While this could not be dealt with in detail, in a work of the present scope, we have tried to include much that the general reader might demand. And if only a small part of the interest in the subject taken by the writer is transmitted to the reader, we shall feel amply repaid.

J. W. McS.

Montclair, New Jersey
July 4, 1917

CONTENTS

	PAGE
New Year's Day	1
Lincoln's Birthday	17
St. Valentine's Day	37
Washington's Birthday	51
St. Patrick's Day	69
Good Friday and Easter	81
May Day	103
Arbor Day	115
Bird Day	133
Mothers' Day	145
Memorial Day	159
Flag Day	171
Independence Day	187
Labor Day	201
Columbus Day	213
Hallowe'en	233
All Saints' Day	249
Election Day	259
Thanksgiving	271
Christmas	289

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Yule Log.....*Frontispiece*

PAGE

New Year's Eve..... 6

House in which Abraham Lincoln was born..... 20

President Lincoln and his son Thomas ("Tad").. 26

Washington's Birthday..... 57

Easter Egg Rolling..... 96

The May Pole..... 108

Memorial Day..... 169

Flag Day 184

Drafting the Declaration of Independence..... 194

Signing the Declaration of Independence..... 195

Columbus 227

Hallowe'en 246

Pilgrims on the Way to Church..... 274

Thanksgiving Pies 287

Christmas Morning 296

NEW YEAR'S DAY

(January 1)

NEW YEAR'S MORNING

Only a night from old to new!
Only a night and so much wrought!
The Old Year's heart all weary grew,
But said: "The New Year rest has brought."
The Old Year's heart its hopes laid down,
As in a grave; but, trusting, said:
"The blossoms of the New Year's crown
Bloom from the ashes of the dead."
The Old Year's heart was full of greed;
With selfishness it longed and ached,
And cried: "I have not half I need.
My thirst is bitter and unslaked.
But to the New Year's generous hand
All gifts in plenty shall return;
True loving it shall understand;
By all my failures it shall learn.
I have been reckless; it shall be
Quiet and calm and pure of life.
I was a slave; it shall go free,
And find sweet peace where I leave strife."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

"A happy New Year to you!"

"The same to you and many of them!"

How pleasantly the greeting strikes the ear, whether in town or country, in the home or at the office, on the train or on the ferry! He who finds no pleasure either in giving or in receiving it must be nothing less than what our grandfathers used to call a curmudgeon—a churl, a man with a grouch. According to one of the old poets, so general was the spirit of good feeling on this day of days that

> Even stranger dogs
> Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside
> Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chase
> Friendly become and wallow in the snow.

There is no other holiday that is so widely celebrated in the different countries of the earth

as New Year's Day. Not only among English-speaking people like ourselves, but among Mexicans, Turks, Greeks, Russians, Chinese, Japanese, Persians, and Hawaiians, is the day given up to festivities and rejoicing. The new year does not begin on the first of January in every country, but on whatever date New Year's Day is celebrated, one and the same idea is associated with it—that of good will and kindly feeling, often expressed in quaint customs and oftener still in the giving and receiving of presents. How old the custom of celebrating New Year's Day is will probably never be known; but we do know that three thousand years before Christ was born the people who lived in the ancient country of Babylonia kept a New Year festival, which they called "Zalmuk," the rejoicings in which lasted for eleven or twelve days. In those old times the people always put plenty of spirit into all their celebrations.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Another thing we know about New Year's Day is that long, long ago, among the old Romans the year had only ten months and began with the month of March. By and by, the months of January and February were added and the year was made to begin on January 1st, which was held sacred to the god Janus Bifrons, or "two-faced Janus," so called because he was supposed to look back on the old year and to look forward to the new one. When the Romans became Christians, the festival of New Year was still kept, but in place of the old practices connected with it, many of which were of a very objectionable kind, the Church ordered that the day should be one "of prayer, fasting, and humiliation." Over in England the ancient heathen priests called Druids used to scrape the mistletoe from the oaks and distribute boughs or sprays of it among the people on New Year's Day.

During the last three or four hundred years

the festivities and merrymakings connected with the New Year may be said to have begun on New Year's Eve. In certain parts of England and Scotland it was customary directly the clock struck twelve on New Year's Eve for the young people to rush off to the nearest spring of water. Whoever first tasted the water then drawn, which was called "the cream of the well," might look for good luck during the coming year. Another curious New Year's Eve custom was that of "apple-howling," as it was called. Boys used to go into the apple orchards and standing round a tree, would rap the trunk with sticks, singing the while:

Stand fast root, bear well top,
Pray God send us a good howling crop;
Every twig, apples big;
Every bough, apples enou [gh],
Hats full, caps full,
Full quarter sacks full.

One of the greatly enjoyed practices in Scotland was that of the Wassail Bowl. *Wassail*

is a word made up of the two Saxon words *Wass hael,* meaning "To your health!" Directly the clock had struck twelve the head of the house would sip of the warm drink in the bowl to the healths of those around him, and pass it to the rest. Then, taking a hot kettleful of the beverage and some refreshments, such as buns, bread, and cheese, the company would visit friends' houses. Oftentimes on New Year's Eve the streets of the city of Edinburgh would be more crowded than they were usually in the middle of the day. On New Year's Day itself the boys would go from house to house, asking for "eats" or money. Sometimes a funeral would be held over the Old Year, and then the boys would sing the following ditty before each house at which they called:

I wish you a merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year,
A pocketful of money,

And a cellar full of beer,
And a good fat pig
To serve you all the year.
Ladies and gentlemen
Sitting by the fire,
Pity us poor boys
Out in the mire.

The following one was not quite so polite:

Get up, good wife, and don't be lazy,
And deal out your cakes and cheese while you're here;
For the time will come when you'll be dead,
And neither need your cheese nor bread.

Similar customs were common in different parts of England. There were also many strange superstitions connected with New Year's Day. It was considered very unlucky for any one to go out of the house until some one had entered it. In Lancashire it was very bad luck for a person to give another a light on New Year's morning. In the Isle of Man the first person to enter a house on New Year's Day was called the *qualtagh*. It he were a

dark man, no matter how ugly he was, he would bring good luck for the rest of the year; but if a fair man, no matter how good-looking, he would be the bringer of all sorts of misfortune. It was also unlucky to give out anything before you had received something. As they used to say in Nottinghamshire,

> Take out and take in,
> Bad luck is sure to begin;
> But take in and take out,
> Good luck will come about.

Like St. Valentine's Day, New Year's Day was a great time for the giving and receiving of presents. The kings and queens of England, although supposed to be very rich, were really not so, and some of them let it be known among the lords and ladies, and the various persons about the court, that they expected presents on New Year's Day; and of course that was equal to a command. So many of these kings received enormous sums as pres-

ents on that day. In a country house in England there is a record of the presents received by King Henry VIII one New Year's Day, which showed that they amounted to nearly eight hundred pounds, that is about four thousand dollars in our money. The famous queen of England, Elizabeth, who, although the people used to call her "Good Queen Bess," was of a grasping disposition, used to receive a most extraordinary collection of New Year's presents, such as silk stockings, petticoats, mantles, gowns, besides bracelets, necklaces, and caskets of precious stones worth thousands of dollars. Among ordinary persons one common form of present on New Year's Day was that of "pin-money." In the times of which we have been speaking, pins made of wire were very expensive and consequently were very little used. Many persons used skewers of wood. So on New Year's Day it was the custom for men to give their wives and daughters

money for pins and knick-knacks. And this is how the term "pin-money" came into use.

An excellent idea that has arisen in connection with New Year's Day is that it is a good time to make "resolutions." On this turning point of the year we decide to make a new start as to certain habits—to do something in the New Year which we ought to have done in the old. It seems to be the proper time to be better and to do better. In our day and time the making of these good resolutions for ourselves has taken the place of gifts to others; and in this one respect perhaps selfishness is best.

A graceful Colonial custom which is still kept up in many parts of the South is the exchanging of calls. Great preparations are made for these receptions, which are often in the afternoon, and open house is extended to all who choose to enter. It is the time of all times for renewing friendships. This general cus-

tom in certain localities reminds us of the Chinese who make their New Year the greatest of festal times, when they not only pay their social debts, but their financial debts as well.

Among the Jews the New Year does not begin on the first of January, but on the first of Tishri, the seventh month of the Jewish calendar. In 1917 this falls on September 17. New Year's Day is known as the Feast of Trumpets, the reason for which name you may see in the Old Testament, *Leviticus* xvi. It is the beginning of a very solemn time, leading up to the Day of Atonement, or Yom Kippur, as the Jews call it, which is the most serious day of the whole year. On Jewish tables on New Year's Day you will see grapes and other fruit and honey. The bread is dipped in the honey and is eaten after this benediction or blessing is said: "May it please the Lord our God and the God of our fathers to renew for us a good and sweet year."

In the city of New York, the great celebration of the year's turning comes on New Year's Eve. The festival has grown to be a sort of carnival. In no other city in the world is there anything like it for numbers and noise. Soon after nine o'clock there are long lines of people on the streets, in Broadway in particular; gradually the numbers increase until, swelled by the outcoming theatre crowds, there are probably four or five hundred thousand persons, many of whom are armed with whistles, cowbells, and horns, the blowing and tooting and ringing of which combine to make a most unmusical chorus. At a distance of about every six yards there is a policeman who has all he can do to keep the crowd from getting on to the roadway. It is a good-natured crowd; and although a person might not like to be tickled in the neck by a feather duster, no one thinks of getting angry at the stranger who has a little fun in this way. Meanwhile the famous chimes of

Trinity and the other churches are pealing out old favorites, such as "Old Folks at Home" and "Auld Lang Syne." But a minute or two before twelve o'clock a strange stillness falls on the people. Then, as the clocks strike, there is a tremendous outburst from the street, while from New York Bay and from the North and East rivers come the salute to the New Year from the throats of steam whistles on every steamship, tug, and any other kind of vessel that can raise a blast. In all the surrounding towns the whistles screech. The whistling continues for a full five minutes, until it would seem that the world was coming to an end.

In contrast with this huge noisy street crowd we find two indoor throngs. One is within the dining-rooms of the big hotels filled to overflowing with their thousands of guests, where toasting and revelry are at their maddest, as the clock strikes twelve. The other is found in the churches, where a silent throng remain on

their knees in prayer or meditation, while the organ softly plays, and the chimes overhead—

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

(February 12)

TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1865

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by the bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Abraham Lincoln has been called the "Second Father" of his country, Washington being the "First." Each of them stood at the helm while a great war was being waged to decide the life or death of the nation; and so it is fitting that the birthdays of these two Presidents should be remembered by public celebrations.

Lincoln was the sixteenth President of the United States. He was one of the most remarkable men in the history, not only of America, but of the world. If such a career as Lincoln's had been described in a story, many persons would have said it could not have happened in real life; and one cannot read the account of his life without astonishment at the

difficulties he overcame, and of admiration for the pluck which enabled him to rise from the humblest beginning to the highest position that any American can hold.

Of Lincoln's early years we have the following account, written by himself: "I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and grew up literally without any education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Ind., in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever re-

Copyright, 1900, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.

Three miles from Hodgensville, La Rue County, Kentucky.

quired of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin', to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes—no other marks or brands recollected."

From other sources it is known that Lincoln

was born in a little log cabin; that he lived for fourteen years in the Indiana home to which his father had moved in 1816; and that in the autumn of 1818 his mother died there. In 1820 Lincoln's father married Mrs. Sally Johnson, a woman with a kind heart who, Lincoln himself said, was the guide of his life and taught him all that he knew about the Bible. In March, 1830, the Lincoln family moved from Indiana. They packed their furniture and goods in wagons, drawn by oxen, bade adieu to their old home, and took up a two weeks' march over untraveled roads, across mountains, swamps, and through dense forests, until they reached a spot on the Sangamon River, ten miles from Decatur, Illinois, where they built another home. Abraham Lincoln was now twenty-one years old and anxious to make his own way in the world. Before leaving his parents, however, he saw them comfortably settled in their new home, and he him-

self split enough rails to enclose the house and ten acres of ground.

In the summer of 1831 Lincoln was hired by a merchant of Springfield, Illinois, to take, together with his stepbrother and uncle, a boat-load of corn, pork, and live pigs to New Orleans. The three men had first to build the boat for the merchant, as he had none. They floated it on the Sangamon River, but when loaded it was too low in the water to go over the dam at New Salem, and it grounded, causing a delay of a day. Lincoln made the acquaintance of the New Salem people, with the result that at the close of the trip he settled in the village. Two things in connection with this trip are worth noting. One shows how Lincoln overcame a difficulty. He had to take on board a herd of pigs in the course of the trip, but the animals would not go on board. Corn was strewn on the ground to coax them; but this did no good. At last Lincoln, determined

not to be outdone, caught the pigs one by one and carried them in his arms to the boat. The other incident was his visit to the slave market in New Orleans. There he saw negro men, women, boys, and girls, standing on a bench around the walls of the room, the planters looking into their mouths, as they would look at the teeth of a horse or a mule. The auctioneer's hammer fell, and a husband and wife were forever separated. Children were sold separately and would never again behold their father and mother. This sight of slavery so aroused Lincoln, that he is said to have exclaimed, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard!"

Lincoln settled in New Salem, and during the six years that he lived there he was at different times a clerk, county surveyor, postmaster—he is said to have carried the post-office in his hat, as the mail came in only once a week—and partner in a grocery business. It

was while clerking in a grocery store there that he gained the name of "Honest Abe," and from such acts as the following: One evening he found that by an error in calculation he had overcharged a woman six and a quarter cents. When he closed the store he walked to the woman's house, a distance of two or three miles, and returned her the sum.

Lincoln made many friends in New Salem. They respected him for his uprightness and admired him for his geniality. He sympathized with the unfortunate and those in sorrow; and all confided in him, honored and loved him. He was a witty talker and had an unlimited fund of anecdotes. He was chosen captain of a company in the Black Hawk War in 1832; and although in the same year he was defeated for the Illinois Legislature, two years later he was elected, and for three terms following. The remarkable thing about this was that Lincoln, as he himself said, had practically no

education. All his schooling together would probably not have made a year. The only books which he had were the Bible, Shakespeare, Æsop's "Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," a history of the United States, and Weems's "Life of Washington," and these he read and read over again. Not deterred by his small schooling, Lincoln decided to study law, and was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance, in 1834, of Mr. John T. Stuart of Springfield, Illinois, who loaned him such law-books as he required. Lincoln sometimes walked from New Salem to Springfield, about twenty miles, to obtain them. He studied hard and with such good results that in 1837 he became a lawyer and soon had a prosperous business. The same year he moved to Springfield, and there married, in 1842, Miss Mary Todd. They had four children, all sons, only one of which grew up to manhood—this was Robert T. Lincoln, the eldest son,

Copyright, 1901, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SON THOMAS ("TAD").
From a photograph.

who was afterward appointed Ambassador to England.

In 1846 Lincoln was elected to Congress, and six years later took a decided stand against slavery. In 1858 he challenged Stephen A. Douglas to seven debates in a contest for a seat in the United States Senate. Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans, and Douglas by the Democrats. Lincoln was defeated, but the speeches that he made in the course of the debates had produced a great impression on the minds of many prominent and influential men in the political world, and in 1860, at the Republican National Convention, he was nominated for the presidency of the United States. In the following November he was elected President. On February 11, 1861, he left Springfield. The people along the route flocked to the stations to see him and hear his words. At all points he was greeted as the President of the people. The Southern States, knowing

how firmly the new President stood against slavery, prepared for war; and less than six weeks after his inauguration, Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, was bombarded and the great Civil War began, which was to last for four long years.

On January 1, 1863, Lincoln issued his famous proclamation freeing five million slaves, the last sentence of this document reading: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." In November, 1864, Lincoln was again chosen President, and on April 9, 1865, the Civil War ended by the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. The four years of the war had been very trying ones for the President. It has been well said of him: "Through four years of terrible war his guiding star was justice and mercy. He

was sometimes censured by officers of the army for granting pardons, but he could not resist an appeal for the life of a soldier. He was the friend of the soldiers, and felt and acted toward them like a father. Even workingmen could write him letters of encouragement and receive appreciative words in reply." Toward the close of the war Lincoln set himself to work on plans for restoring harmony and union between the people of the South and the people of the North. But he did not live to see the results of his labors. On April 14, only five days after Lee's surrender, the President, with Mrs. Lincoln and a few friends, went to Ford's Theatre, in Washington, to see the play "Our American Cousin." Just as the third act was about to begin, the President was shot by John Wilkes Booth, an actor. He died soon after seven o'clock the next morning without having regained consciousness. After lying in state in the Capitol, the body was taken from Wash-

ington to Springfield, Illinois, and was laid to rest in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

Since his death the honor in which Lincoln is held by Americans has increased with the years. It has been well said of him: "Abraham Lincoln needs no marble shaft to perpetuate his name: his *words* are the most enduring monument, and will live forever in the hearts of the people."

Washington's birthplace was destroyed by fire. Lincoln's has been more fortunate; it has been preserved and now belongs to the American nation. The *New York Times* gives the following account of the President's acceptance of Lincoln's first home: "On September 4, 1916, a small and semi-barren Kentucky farm two miles from Hodgenville became a nation's shrine, when President Wilson on behalf of the American people accepted the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln as a gift from the Lincoln Farm Association. The rude log cabin where

the great emancipator was born is now housed in an imposing granite memorial building, and nearly 25,000 people assembled there to hear the Presidential tribute and to witness the formal acceptance of the memorial with a $100,000 endowment fund."

Boys and girls are sometimes inclined to think that their studies are hard and troublesome. Let them remember Abraham Lincoln, a poor boy, with practically no schooling, poring over his books after a hard day's work by the light of a pine-knot fire, who by keeping steadily at it became one of the most remarkable speakers that the world has seen, and the author of some of the finest writings in the English language. Where can we find nobler sentiments more beautifully expressed than these in his second Inaugural Address, delivered only a few weeks before his death:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us

to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Lincoln's address given at the dedication of the battlefield of Gettysburg is also one of those never-to-be-forgotten utterances which will live for all time. On the walls of many schools and libraries it may be found to-day, engraved in bronze, and our boys and girls each year are taught these sentences in the classroom. An interesting story is told of the time of this great speech, November 19, 1863. Lincoln had been more than usually busy with his official cares because of the war, and had accepted the invitation to speak with much misgiving. Unable to prepare a long speech, it is said that he scribbled the notes for his address

on a bit of scrap paper. When he arrived on the battlefield, and saw the sea of upturned, expectant faces, his heart sank within him. He was preceded by Edward Everett, one of the most scholarly men and finished orators of the time. For an hour or more, Mr. Everett poured forth his polished sentences and rounded periods. Finally he ceased speaking, and the crowd rested for a few moments from their long strain of close attention.

Then Lincoln arose—a tall, ungainly man, whose shoulders were bent, and whose arms seemed too long to make a graceful gesture. Slowly and haltingly he began to speak, but, as always when he addressed an audience, he seemed to become transformed. His stiffness gave way to ease, and his words fell simply and clearly, but with the passion of a great earnestness from his lips. He spoke for perhaps five minutes, and when he had ended, Mr. Everett was the first to congratulate him.

"Mr. President," he exclaimed, "you have said it all."

It was indeed a perfect tribute which the President had made in these few sentences:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate —we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow— this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far

above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Because of the great ideas for which Abraham Lincoln stood, his birthday is one of the most important of our holidays. It was not generally listed as a holiday until twenty years or more after his death; and today is officially

recognized by twenty-three states, while others also observe the day in an unofficial manner. Its celebration in our schools and homes can be made most impressive, with recitations from Lincoln's own utterances. And the day is an inspiration not only on account of its patriotic aspect, but also because of the example furnished by Lincoln to succeeding generations of boys and girls who would win success through their own efforts.

"Rising as Lincoln did from social obscurity," says Deems, "through a youth of manual toil and poverty, steadily upward to the highest level of honor in the world, and all this as the fruit of earnest purpose, hard work, humane feeling and integrity of character, he is an example and an inspiration to youth unparalleled in history. At the same time he is the best specimen of the possibilities attainable by genius in our land and under our free institutions."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

(February 14)

GOOD ST. VALENTINE

Oh, good St. Valentine,
We lift our voice in praise;
May long, long life be thine,
Oh, good St. Valentine,
This is thy day of days.
Day when each true love sends
A message from the heart;
Day when good friends greet friends,
And Cupid shoots his dart;
Oh, good St. Valentine,
This is thy day of days!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

St. Valentine's Day is not what is termed a legal holiday, and, if you look through the list of holy days of the Episcopal Church, you will not find St. Valentine's among them; and yet no book on holidays would be complete without some account of a day which has given excitement and pleasure to thousands, and will doubtless continue to do so, so long as boys are boys and girls are girls.

The most curious fact about the day is that its patron, St. Valentine, had actually nothing to do with the customs connected with the fourteenth of February. Some of these customs, indeed, were observed in ancient Rome long before the introduction of Christianity, when there were neither saints nor saints' days. In

those far-off days wolves were especially abundant and dangerous, and a destroyer of wolves was held in honor; and so it came about that the old Romans held a celebration in the month of February called the Lupercalia, in honor of Lupercus, "the wolf destroyer." At this festival it was customary, among other things, for the young people to draw lots for partners for the year. Hundreds of years later the same custom arose in England and France, and then it was called St. Valentine's Day.

St. Valentine, it seems, was a priest in Rome whose life came to a sad end, about the year 270, during the persecution of the early Christians. He was beaten with clubs and beheaded. Later the church canonized him—or made him a saint—and as it was very anxious to do all it could to weed out the old superstitious practices of pagan Rome, a new feast was introduced in place of the Lupercalia, to which the name of St. Valentine was given,

because his day on the church calendar occurred about the same time in February. And that is all that has been discovered about the earliest history of St. Valentine's Day.

In olden times, in England, much time and care were spent in the writing of valentines. Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, which was fought in the year 1415, composed some beautiful ones in prison, which have been preserved. Several books published in London nearly a hundred years ago, with the title of "The Complete Valentine Writer," include many different styles of valentines, to suit persons of every trade and profession, from a carpenter to a lawyer, so the custom of sending such messages must have been widely popular. Three hundred years ago, Shakespeare speaks of it. In the play of *Hamlet,* Ophelia says:

"Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's Day
All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window
To be your valentine."

Bailey, whose *Dictionary* was the forerunner of all our present big dictionaries, says: "In England about this time of the year the birds choose their mates; and probably thence came the custom of the young men and maidens choosing *valentines,* or special loving friends on this day." Besides the choosing of a person for a valentine for the year, it became the custom in England, from which country we get our observance of the day, for the two persons who were valentines to exchange presents; afterwards it became the practice for the gentleman only to give a present. Usually some verses, or at least a motto, went with the present; in the course of time the verses were sent without any present, and this custom has remained to the present time.

In different parts of England many curious observances were connected with St. Valen-

tine's Day. An old traveler writes: "On the fourteenth of February it is customary in many parts of Hertfordshire for the children to meet together in some part of the town where they live, and to go to the house of the principal man of the place, who from his window throws them wreaths and true lovers' knots, with which they adorn themselves. They then choose the youngest boy in the company and deck him out more gaily than the rest. Placing him at their head, they march forward in great state, at the same time singing:

"Good morrow to you, St. Valentine,
Curl your locks as I do mine,
Two before and three behind;
Good morrow to you, Valentine."

At one time the sending of presents on St. Valentine's Day was a most important matter. Mr. Samuel Pepys, who lived in the reign of Charles II, and whose remarkable *Diary* gives us a fine picture of the social life of that time,

mentions the fact that the Duke of Richmond, who had been drawn by a Miss Stuart as her valentine, gave that lady for a present a jewel worth $4,000, and the gentleman whom she drew for her valentine, the next year, gave her a ring worth about $1,500. A young lady who drew Mr. Pepys for her valentine received as a present from him some green silk stockings, garters, and shoe laces, which pleased the young lady very much; and to Mrs. Pepys, who once drew her husband for her valentine, he gave a ring "made of a Turkey stone set with diamonds."

Many readers of the works of Sir Walter Scott do not know that he gave the name "St. Valentine's Day" to one of his books. This book is now called "The Fair Maid of Perth," but that is the second part of the title, which reads, "St. Valentine's Day, or the Fair Maid of Perth." In the story Sir Walter describes a peculiar custom which was common in Scotland

on St. Valentine's Day. Old Simon Glover is anxious that his daughter Catharine should marry Harry Gow, the armorer or smith, but she does not want to do so, although liking the brave man well enough as a friend. It was the custom that the first person of the opposite sex that one saw on St. Valentine's morning would be one's valentine for the year. Catharine's action is thus described: "I will not wait till my father compels me to receive him [Harry] as my valentine for the year; I will seek him out and choose him myself. I have thought other girls bold when they did something like this, but I shall thus best please my father, and discharge the rites due to good St. Valentine, by showing my gratitude to this brave man." Catharine paused at the door of the hall where her suitor, who had been staying up late with her father, was sleeping in his chair, and became half afraid of carrying out her plan, which not only allowed, but required,

the valentines of the year to seal their bargain with a kiss. It was considered as exceedingly fortunate if the one party should find the other asleep and awaken him or her by this interesting part of St. Valentine's Day custom. Catharine, tripping along with a light step, glided to the chair of the sleeper, and blushing at her own boldness, dropped on his lips "a kiss as light as if a roseleaf had fallen on them." Needless to say, her suitor awakes and is delighted with his good fortune.

An English writer, in expressing regret that the custom of sending valentines has fallen off so greatly within the past few years, mentions the fact that in 1832 as many as 1,634,000 passed through the London general post office; and in offering an explanation for the decrease makes this curious suggestion: "What really killed the valentine was the telephone. When the telephone came into the house the valentine could not live in the same atmosphere."

He is sorry for the change because he thinks "that the more feasts there are for the Nursery Calendar the better, and there is no doubt that St. Valentine's Day was a great time for the young people." But one thing we may be thankful for. The old superstitions about the day have passed away. What young girl would think of doing to-day what was done in the year 1756 by a girl who writes: "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bayleaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it shell and all, without drinking or speaking after it."

Another queer custom was for the young people to get up before sunrise and go out to

try to snare an owl and two sparrows. Just why they chose these particular birds we do not know, but if they succeeded it was accounted a good omen. When they returned home, their neighbors would make them presents. They were lucky people all the rest of the year. In some places, the suitor would write his valentine, and, fastening it to an apple or orange, would steal quietly up to the home of his sweetheart and toss it through the open door or window. Even though she might not welcome the note, she would be hard-hearted indeed not to accept the fruit.

The practice of sending ugly valentines is a much later one, for which there is no excuse. The day is intended only as an occasion of pleasant messages. The unpleasant ones were far better burned. If we cannot say a kind word, why say anything at all? The over-colored cartoon valentines had their greatest popularity in America, thirty or forty years

ago. Now we seem to be outgrowing them.

Meanwhile the pretty valentines—all hearts and sweets and paper laces—are growing finer every year. Quite an industry has grown up around them, and our boys and girls would be astonished at the number of different processes a fine valentine undergoes. On it is a picture of Cupid, perhaps, done in gay colors. After the artist's drawing has been made, the engraver or lithographer prepares plates or stones, from which the pressman prints his pictures. The lace-work around the edge is a pattern cut in steel, from which another workman transfers the pattern to paper, and still another workman rubs this paper with sandpaper until only the lace pattern is left. Then there may be verses, or hearts, or other fancy things. After all these have been made separately, girls with nimble fingers assemble the material, and paste up the Cupids, arrows, bleeding hearts, tender verses, and lace edges

into the flimsy but treasured thing we call a valentine. But where one of these fine ones is sent a hundred valentine postcards are distributed; for nowadays the postcard message is a most popular sort of remembrance. Millions of such cards are printed, many of them being very quaint and original. While some are mailed, a greater number are left slyly from door to door.

In a collection of valentine verses printed a few years ago, in New York, the following amusing ones occur, supposed to be written by a confectioner:

Young Cupid's choicest sugar-plum,
  Affections purest drop,
Your sweetness has no rival
  In the candies of my shop.

I'll send you some vanilla
  And I'll make you, love, a neat heart,
Out of my rarest sugar,
  If you will be my sweetheart.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

(February 22)

OLD SONG WRITTEN DURING WASHINGTON'S LIFE

Americans, rejoice;
While songs employ the voice,
  Let trumpets sound.
The thirteen stripes display
In flags and streamers gay,
'Tis Washington's Birthday,
  Let joy abound.

Long may he live to see
This land of liberty
  Flourish in peace;
Long may he live to prove
A grateful people's love,
And late to heaven remove,
  Where joys ne'er cease.

Fill the glass to the brink,
Washington's health we'll drink,
  'Tis his birthday.
Glorious deeds he has done,
By him our cause is won,
Long live great Washington!
  Huzza! Huzza!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

It seems rather odd, when you come to think of it, that the only two birthdays of our Presidents, which we celebrate, come in February, our shortest month. It is indeed an important month in our national history, for it gave us both Washington and Lincoln. The poet, Will Carleton, has given us some whimsical verses in this connection that are worth repeating:

February—February—
How your moods and actions vary
Or to seek or shun!
Now a smile of sunlight lifting,
Now in chilly snowflakes drifting;
Now with icy shuttles creeping,
Silver webs are spun.
Now, with leaden torrents leaping,
Oceanward you run,
Now with bells you blithely sing,

'Neath the stars or sun;
Now a blade of burdock bring
To the suff'ring one;
February—you are very
Dear, when all is done:
Many blessings rest above you,
You one day (and so we love you)
Gave us Washington.

The story of George Washington's life has been often told, but it is worth repeating. It was an active, busy life from his earliest days, beginning as it did away back in Colonial times when the country was wild and unsettled. Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1732. There is no reliable record of his early education, but it has been supposed that the first school he ever attended was a little old field school kept by one of his father's tenants, named Hobby, who was both sexton and schoolmaster. Even at this early age George was fond of playing at war. He used to divide his playmates into parties and armies. One of them was called the

French and the other American. A big boy named William Bustle commanded the French, and George commanded the Americans. Every day, with cornstalks for muskets and gourds for drums, the two armies would turn out and march and fight.

George was not remarkable as a scholar, but he had a liking for mathematics. He was of a more serious turn of mind than most boys of his age. His last two years at school were devoted to engineering, geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, and at sixteen years of age he was appointed a public surveyor. His new employment brought him a handsome salary, and well it might; for it took him into the perils and hardships of the wilderness often meeting savage chieftains, or fording swollen streams, climbing rugged mountains, breasting furious storms, wading through snowdrifts, sleeping in the open air, and living upon the coarse food of hunters and of Indians. But everywhere he

gained the admiration of the backwoodsmen and the Indians by his manly bearing and his wonderful endurance.

In the year 1751 the frontiers of the colony of Virginia were constantly being attacked by the French and the Indians, so it was decided to divide the colony into military districts under a major; and when he was but nineteen, George Washington received one of these appointments. Two years later he was sent to the French, who were becoming threatening, to find out their intentions and to warn them against invading Virginian territory. This important mission made it necessary for him to journey six hundred miles through the wilderness; but he carried out his instructions successfully, and traveled the whole distance without an escort. In July, 1752, his half-brother Lawrence died and left him the estate of Mount Vernon on the Potomac. This had been named in honor of the British Admiral, Vernon, un-

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

der whom Lawrence had served as a captain of Virginia infantry. In 1755 George Washington served under the British officer, General Braddock, showing great bravery under fire at the battle of Monongahela, against the French and Indians, which would probably not have been lost if the general had taken Washington's advice.

In 1759 Washington married a widow named Martha Custis with two children, John and Martha Parke Custis. He was a great favorite with the two youngsters, and used to order toys, dolls, and gingerbreads for them, from London. Mrs. Custis had a large estate and so had Washington, and the management of them took up all of his time. In 1774, when the disputes between England and the American colonies were at their height, he became a member of the First Continental Congress, and the following year was chosen by that body Commander-in-chief of the Continental army.

For this position his training and his surveying experiences had thoroughly fitted him. He took command of the troops at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on July 3, 1775; but it was a poor army that he found under him. It was in want of arms, ammunition, and general equipment. Washington, however, kept it together with patience and skill during the trying years of the Revolution. The war lasted six years and ended with the surrender of the British commander, Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Virginia, in 1781. During all this time Washington had had to contend with the greatest difficulties. The troops were poorly paid or equipped; often there were disputes among the officers, and Congress did not know the army's needs; but the General always kept the confidence of his men until victory was assured. How careful he was for the comfort of the lowliest among them may be gathered from the following story. Washington had been

talking on an important matter in another officer's camp, and had not noticed that it was growing late. He agreed to spend the night where he was if there were enough blankets and straw. "Oh, yes," said Primus, the negro servant, "plenty of both." Two beds were made up and the two officers were soon asleep. In the middle of the night Washington awoke and saw the negro sitting up. "Primus," said he, "what do you mean by giving up your blankets and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably while you are obliged to sit through the night?" "Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me." "But it is matter," said Washington. "The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down with me." And, though he did not want to do it, the negro laid himself down by Washington on the same straw and under the same blanket, and the two slept till morning.

In 1783, Washington bade farewell to his army, and for the next six years lived the simple life of a country gentleman on his estate at Mount Vernon, attending to the affairs of his homestead and property.

In 1789, he was again called from private life, to become first President of the United States. Congress was sitting at New York, for which city he started, in April. He disliked fuss and ceremony, but the people could not be restrained from showing their love and admiration. His progress through New Jersey was amid constant cheering, ringing of bells, and the booming of cannon. At Elizabethtown he embarked on a splendid barge, followed by other barges and boats, making a long water procession up the Bay of New York, the ships in the harbor being decorated with colors, and firing salutes as it passed. The inauguration took place on April 30, 1789, at the old City Hall, in Wall Street; Broad Street being

crowded with thousands of people as far as the eye could reach. In 1793, he was re-elected for a second term of four years, after which he bade farewell to the people and retired into private life. On the 12th of December, 1799, he caught a severe cold in making the round of his plantations and died two days later, in his sixty-eighth year. In number of years he had not lived a long life, but how much was crowded into it!

Most of the portraits of Washington show him as a serious-looking gentleman in a wig, and the earliest biographies of him would lead us to believe that he was always on his dignity. But our first President was, in fact, a very genial man, with a hearty laugh, who enjoyed going to the theater, was fond of fox-hunting and was a thorough sportsman, and, as he himself admitted, had a hot temper. Towards young people and children he was always very gracious and kind. He was an early riser; and

in his own copybook, begun when he was fourteen years old, is the following entry: "Rise early, that by habit it may become familiar, agreeable, healthy, and profitable. It may be irksome for a while to do this, but that will soon wear off."

Like Lincoln, Washington was very athletic. Both of our two great presidents were tall men: Washington was six feet two inches; Lincoln was six feet, four. When he first visited the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, Washington threw a stone to the top, a distance of about two hundred feet, and, climbing the rocks, carved his name far above all others. Washington was of more graceful appearance than Lincoln. He was always very particular about his dress. One who saw him at a levee says: "He was dressed in black velvet, his hair powdered (as was the custom in those days) and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat, with a cockade on

it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword. The scabbard was of white polished leather." He was not a dandy, however, by any means. He once wrote to his nephew, "Do not imagine that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery in the eyes of the sensible."

In all the positions which he was called upon to fill, in his remarkable life, whether as host at his home, as surveyor, as general, or as President, Washington showed the same desire to give the best that was in him for his people, his country, and for humanity at large. He endeared himself to the lowly and he gained the admiration of the great. He was never influenced by mean motives, and those who were under him loved him. Thus it was that among Americans he came to be regarded as

"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen"; and when his death became known on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, the armies of Napoleon in France, and the fleet of Great Britain, his former enemy, did homage to his memory.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated even during his lifetime, and he had the satisfaction of receiving the congratulations of his fellow-citizens many times upon the return of this day, frequently being a guest at banquets given in honor of the occasion. In fact, after the Revolution, Washington's Birthday practically took the place of the birthday of the various crowned heads of Great Britain, which had always been celebrated with enthusiasm during colonial times. When independence was established, all these royal birthdays were cast aside, and the Birthday of Washington naturally became one of the most widely celebrated of American holidays.

The first mention we find of the day is in an old newspaper called *The Virginia Gazette,* which reads: "Tuesday last being the birthday of his Excellency, General Washington, our illustrious Commander-in-Chief, the same was commemorated here with the utmost demonstrations of joy." This was in the year 1782. The following year a celebration was held at Talbot Court House, in Maryland; and another one in New York. Songs were written for the occasion, toasts were drunk, and it was agreed that the celebration of Washington's Birthday should be held every year thereafter. The old song quoted at the first of this story was written for the New York banquet.

The next year gave the citizens of New York a fine opportunity. In the previous October the British troops had evacuated New York City, which was gradually recovering from the distress of the long war. The demonstrations were not very elaborate, but they were in-

tensely patriotic. In a newspaper of the year 1784, we find an interesting account of this first public celebration in New York: "Wednesday last being the birthday of his Excellency, General Washington, the same was celebrated here by all the true friends of American Independence and constitutional liberty with that hilarity and manly decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom. In the evening an entertainment was given on board the East India ship in this harbor to a very brilliant and respectable company, and a discharge of thirteen cannon was fired on this joyful occasion."

From this time on, the celebrations of the day multiplied, so that before the year 1800 they had become general. Balls and banquets were the chief functions of the day, and there was hardly a town so small that it could not manage to have at least one of these. The early newspapers for a month and often longer, after the 22d of February, were filled

with brief accounts of these celebrations from different localities. Many of them are very interesting, showing as they do the patriotism of the people, as well as their customs and habits in their social entertainments. To-day Washington's Birthday is a legal holiday in every State in the Union, with one exception. But beyond the setting-aside of the day, in a formal fashion, we run the risk of losing sight of its especial meaning. We have our school exercises, but very little else, in the way of program or celebration to call the day to mind. Even our dinners and parties do not give us a correct idea of Washington the man. We have for favors usually a hatchet and some cherries, recalling the story told of him as a boy, cutting down his father's cherry-tree. But this story is said, by our writers of history, not to be true at all! Surely we have many other things by which to remember the Father of his Country. Let us not forget what we owe to Washington,

or make him merely a name—an excuse for a holiday. Let us remember him as a real, flesh-and-blood man—one of the greatest known to history.

He gave us a nation to make it immortal;
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(March 17)

SHAMROCK DAY

In the far-off Isle of Erin,
'Mid the living fields of green,
Grows the clover of St. Patrick,
Telling where his steps have been.
As each year the shamrock blossoms,
It recalls the tale of yore,
Tells the story of a mission
To a hostile, heathen shore;
Winter flees with breath so hoary,
Spring returns with vernal sheen,
Nature doffs her robe of ermine,
For the wearing of the green.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Every country has its saint, under whose care it is supposed to be—not really, you know, but this is what is called "tradition." The English call St. George their patron saint; the Welsh have St. David for theirs; the Scotch have St. Andrew; the French have St. Denys; and the saint which is dearest to all Irish people is St. Patrick. The remarkable thing about most of these saints is that they lived so long ago that no one knows when or where they were born. But, after all, that is a very small matter; for some of the most famous men of history are known only by what they did or wrote, and no one has been able to discover who their parents were, or the countries from

which they came. In the case of the great poet Homer, for example, although we have the wonderful works which bear his name, there are some persons who say that no such man ever lived at all.

So in regard to St. Patrick, whose day is celebrated by the Irish on the seventeenth of March, it is not known whether he was born in Scotland, or in a country known as Armoric Gaul, but these two are considered to be the most probable places. The year of his birth has never been discovered, but he is thought to have been the son of a man named Calpurnius, who was a judge or magistrate of a Roman colony a little more than fifteen hundred years ago.

When sixteen years old—this was about the year 403—he was taken captive with several others and conveyed in a boat to Ireland, and there sold as a slave to one Milcho. While looking after this man's sheep he learned the

customs and the language of the Irish. He managed to escape to his native country, but had become so fond of the Irish people that he wanted to make them Christians, like his own people. For many years he studied and planned to fit himself for this great work. Then he had to get the consent of the Pope, and to obtain this he went to Rome. Pope Celestine gave him the necessary permission to return to Ireland, and Patrick is believed to have reached that country for the second time about the year 432. He was not the first missionary who had tried to teach Christianity to the Irish, but those who had gone before him had not been able to do much because the Druids, a heathen priesthood, were very powerful in the country. Patrick was at this time about forty-five years old, and after a lot of hard work and discouragement, he won a wonderful success. A story told about him is said to account for the Irish wearing sprigs of shamrock in their coats on

the day when they celebrate his memory. The story runs as follows:

When St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, in Ireland, the people did not like his trying to get them to change their religion. To them the new teaching was all nonsense. When he began to talk to them about the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one God, the people would not believe him, and they became so angry at him that they picked up stones with the intention of killing him. St. Patrick then plucked from the green on which he was standing a piece of Dutch clover, and, showing it to the Irish round about him, said: "Is it any more strange that three persons should be united in one God than it is for these three leaves of the clover to grow upon one stalk?" This convinced his hearers; they gave him their confidence, and for many years St. Patrick lived and worked among them, doing all the good he could, building churches, until

at last he succeeded in inducing most of the Irish to become Christians. He died a very old man on March 17, 465, and for his good works has become their patron saint.

It would be hard, indeed, to find a patron saint in any land better beloved than St. Patrick. The Irish are devoted to his memory, and countless thousands of their little lads are christened Patrick, which speedily becomes shortened to Pat. Even the girls do not escape, as the many Patricias can testify. And there is scarcely a bit of countryside that doesn't have its local legend. For instance, in Lough Derg, a lonely Irish lake shut in by barren moors and scrubby hills, there is a small rocky island with a natural grotto of stones. This the villagers allude to as St. Patrick's Purgatory. Their legends tell of marvellous deeds done there by their patron saint in the long ago; and they point out a group of smooth slabs of stone like huge couches, which they

call the Seven Penitential Beds. As pilgrims would visit the little isle for healing in body or mind, St. Patrick would cause them to recline upon these stone couches, when immediately they would be made whole.

Many other interesting legends cluster around the name of St. Patrick, but the one which is most persistent is that he drove the snakes out of Ireland. More than one picture has been painted depicting the snakes fleeing in terror before his uplifted crucifix, or falling over a cliff into the sea. This story is as much a part of popular belief as is any story of the Bible itself; and to clinch the argument, your devout Irishman will tell you that to-day you cannot find a living snake in the whole of the Emerald Isle. In some parts of Ireland on St. Patrick's Day this ditty is sung:

St. Patrick was a gentleman, and he came from
decent people;
In Dublin town he built a church, and on it put
a steeple;

His father was a Wollagham, his mother an
O'Grady,
His aunt she was a Kinaghan, and his wife a
widow Brady.
Toorallo, toorallo, what a glorious man our
saint was!
Toorallo, toorallo, O whack fal de lal, etc.

Och! Antrim's hills are mighty high, and so's
the hill of Howth, too;
But we all do know a mountain that's higher
than them both, too;
'Twas on the top of that high mount St. Pat-
rick preached a sermon,
He drove the frogs into the bogs, and banished
all the vermin.

There is probably no national holiday celebrated with more enthusiasm than St. Patrick's Day. It is just one hundred and eighty years ago that the first celebration in America of which we have any account was held. On March 17, 1737, there was founded in Boston, Massachusetts, the Charitable Irish Society "for the relief of the poor and indigent Irishmen reduced by sickness, 'shipwrack,' old age

or other infirmities," and since then many similar societies with equally good aims have been founded. You may see on St. Patrick's Day the members of these societies wearing their green sashes (green because that is the color of the shamrock, also of their Emerald Isle, and their national flag), as well as the members of societies which have to do with politics, all marching in the many processions on that day. In the evening there are dinners and much dancing and jollity, as the Irish believe that the celebration of this day aids to promote good-fellowship and to keep up old acquaintance, besides helping forward the cause of charity, which in this case means the caring for the orphans and the comforting of the aged.

Among other early references to the day in American history there is an interesting account of a celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Philadelphia, in 1778, when the British soldiers were in this country. Two years earlier the

British evacuated Boston on St. Patrick's Day and the Americans marched in and took possession. On that occasion General Washington in the camp at Cambridge gave "Boston" as the password for the day, with "St. Patrick" for the countersign or reply.

The Irish people would be willing to give up a good many things before they would give up their celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Sometimes, however, the processions cannot take place. In New York on St. Patrick's Day, 1917, for the first time in many years the great procession, which had been planned so long ahead and arranged with so much trouble, had to be called off at the last minute, because that grouchy gentleman, the Clerk of the Weather, chose to send a pelting rainstorm to the city. But, like our presidential inauguration day, St. Patrick's Day comes in the most uncertain month of the whole year for outdoor celebrations.

GOOD FRIDAY

AND

EASTER

(Various dates, usually in April)

AN EASTER CAROL

Spring bursts to-day,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth, thou Sun.
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.

Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.

Bud, Fig and Vine,
Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.

Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a thorn.

Uplift thy head,
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.

Beside your dams
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.

All hearts and flocks
Rejoice, all beasts of thickets and of rocks.

Sing, Creatures, sing,
Angels and Men and Birds and everything!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER

These two holy days of the Church are so closely connected that we can well consider them together. The first of the days celebrates, as you know, the death of Christ, and the second His resurrection.

Good Friday is the sixth day of what is called Holy Week, and is the end of that week as well as of the lenten season. In the life of Christ this was the week of the momentous closing events. He rode into Jerusalem on the preceding Sunday (Palm Sunday) while the people strewed palms and branches of trees in his path. Then followed in rapid succession his betrayal by Judas, his trial, and his crucifixion, the last taking place on what is now known as Good Friday.

In the early days of the Church, Good Friday was a day of strict fasting and penance. It was a solemn preparation for Easter, and was called the Festival of the Crucifixion, and the Day of Salvation. The church service was of the simplest. The usual chants and praises were omitted, and no music was allowed but of the most plaintive description. No bell was rung for worship. No one bowed the knee in prayer, because by this ceremony the Jews reviled Jesus. Neither did people kiss one another, because with a kiss Judas betrayed his Lord. The sacramental food and wine were not blessed on Good Friday, but a portion was saved from the day before; the altars were stripped of their ornaments, and black veils were used to cover them; and the gospel of John was read, because he was a witness of our Lord's passion.

Greek and Latin churches still observe Good Friday with great solemnity. The altar lights are put out, the altar furniture is covered, the

usual communion is omitted, and the bells in the church towers remain silent.

The Emperor Constantine forbade the holding of courts, markets, and the usual course of business on Good Friday; and this is probably the first mention of the day as a "legal" holiday. It was not generally observed in England, outside the special church services. In America, today, some ten States have made it a legal holiday, but no public exercises have been prepared for the day, and it is usually regarded in the light of a "day off." In the Eastern States the most popular mark of the arrival of Good Friday is the baking of hot cross buns. In every bake-shop and restaurant window they appear as if by magic, only to disappear again by the week's end. Why they are not eaten at other times is a mystery that only our bakers and pastry-cooks can solve.

In marked contrast to the solemnity of the church observance of Good Friday is the suc-

ceeding Easter Sunday. It is one of the most joyous days of the whole year, rivalling Christmas in this respect. It marks the triumph of death over life, not alone for Christ but for all the world.

"Christ, Christ is risen!" The unseen singers sing——
"Christ, Christ is risen!" The echoing hosts reply,
The whist wind knows a passing seraph's wing,
And holds its breath while shining ones go by;
"Christ, Christ is risen!" loud let the anthem ring——
"He lives—He loves—He saves—we need not die!"

Easter corresponds with the Jewish festival of the Passover, which meant the passing-over of the angel of death. You can read about it in the Old Testament. The Hebrew name for Passover was "Pesach;" and the name is still kept in France, where they call Easter "Pa-

ques"; in Italy, "Pasqua;" and in Spain, "Pascua." In the old Hebrew days the Passover, or Pascal lamb, as it was called, was sacrificed to save the people from death. And so the old Passover merely has the new idea added to it, of Christ, the Lamb of God, who through His sacrifice made it possible for all others to escape from sin and death.

In the Greek Church, which is the national faith of Russia, magnificent ceremonies are held, especially in St. Isaac's Cathedral at Petrograd, which is the finest church building in the country. It is an immense and imposing structure, with four large porches ornamented and supported by colossal granite pillars; the whole surmounted by a great dome, covered with gold, and topped by a solid gold cross, seventeen feet in height. The interior is inconceivably rich in pillars, mosaics, pictures, precious stones, and gold.

On Good Friday an image of Christ here

reposes in state, and throughout Saturday thousands kiss His hands and feet, and drop coins in the church treasury. On Easter eve the climax is reached. The people are exhausted from long fasting. At midnight the priests march around the church in elaborate procession, searching for the dead Christ. Then follows a two hours' service, after which the golden doors of the Holy of Holies are thrown open, and the chief priest advances, holding the cross in his hands, and announces, "Christ is risen!" "He is risen!"—the cry is taken up by all the people, and resounds amid kisses and embraces, while the bells send out a merry peal, the cannon are fired, and all the city becomes aflame with lights. Then follows the blessing of the food brought for the purpose: oddly shaped loaves of bread, mounds of white cheese, red-colored eggs, sugar, honey, and fruit. At three o'clock in the morning the hungry crowd scatters for feasting; and for

the ensuing three or four days, the festivals continue.

At St. Peter's in Rome, the seat of the Roman Catholic Church, the services are no less impressive. The Pope is borne from the Vatican, his official palace, on a chair carried on men's shoulders, and wearing his triple crown and all his vestments. A silk canopy is raised over his head, while attendants wave huge fans of ostrich and peacock feathers, on each side. He is conveyed between two lines of Swiss Guards to his throne, behind the altar, and high mass is celebrated, while the lofty edifice blazes with lights. After the service, the Pope is borne back through the crowds which he blesses; and then the people scramble for printed papers containing a copy of the prayers he has uttered, which are thrown from an upper balcony.

While nothing is said in the New Testament about the Easter festival, its origin has been

traced back to the days of the apostles. At first it was the festival of both the crucifixion and the resurrection; but after the fourth century it was limited to its present meaning.

For a long time the early Church could not decide upon the exact date for the Easter celebration. After much dispute the question was settled at the Council of Nicea, held 325 A.D., in what has seemed to many of us a very curious way. Instead of having a fixed date for every year, it depends upon the phases of the moon. The decree fixed it on the Sunday following the fourteenth day of the Pascal moon, which falls upon the first Sunday after the vernal equinox. Now have you the date clearly in your head? If not, do not be discouraged, as not one person out of a hundred knows just when Easter comes, until he is told. Perhaps you can figure it out more easily if we say that it is the first Sunday after the full moon which happens next after March 21. But as this rule

is subject to one or two exceptions—and to save your bother—here is a list of Easter Sunday dates for the next few years:

1918 March 31	1924 April 20
1919 April 20	1925 April 12
1920 April 4	1926 April 4
1921 March 27	1927 April 17
1922 April 16	1928 April 8
1923 April 1	1929 March 31

The origin of the name, Easter, has been in some doubt. Bede, an early English writer, said that the Saxons so called it because of a goddess of Spring, Eostre; but other writers dispute this and trace it back to an old heathen festival of Eostur, in honor of the Spring sun which, after the vernal equinox, was found again in the East.

In his "Curiosities of Popular Customs," Walsh gives a picturesque account of some old customs and superstitions connected with Easter. "It was," he says, "the invariable policy of the early church to give a Christian sig-

nificance to such of the extant pagan ceremonies as could not be rooted out. In the case of Easter the conversion was peculiarly easy. Joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awakening of nature from the death of winter, became joy at the rising of the sun of righteousness, at the resurrection of Christ from the grave. Some of the pagan observances which took place about the first of May were also shifted to correspond with the celebration of Easter. Many new features were added. It was a time of exuberant joy. Gregory of Nyssa draws a vivid picture of the joyous crowds who, by their dress (a feature still preserved) and their devout attendance at church, sought to do honor to the festival. All labor ceased, all trades were suspended. It was a favorite time for baptism, the law courts were closed, alms were given to the poor, slaves were freed. Easter, indeed, became known as the "Sunday of Joy." In the reaction from the

severities of Lent, people gave themselves up to enjoyment, popular sports, dances, and other festivities. In some places the clergy would recite from the pulpit humorous stories and legends for the purpose of exciting the "Easter smile." People exchanged the Easter kiss and the greeting, "Christ is risen," to which the reply was made, "He is risen indeed,"—a custom kept up to this day in some parts of the world.

As with Christmas, there are many popular beliefs and customs connected with Easter. The giving of presents, chiefly eggs, is one of the oldest. In the north of England it is a very old custom for children to exchange presents of eggs. The learned Count de Gebelin informs us that this custom of giving eggs may be traced back to the times of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks, Romans and others, among all of whom an egg was an emblem of the universe, the work of supreme Divinity.

There was also an ancient custom of dyeing or staining eggs at this season. Another writer says: "Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. The Jews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt, and it was used in the feast of the Passover as part of the furniture of the table, with the Pascal Lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on this day, as retaining the elements of future life, for an emblem of the Resurrection."

Le Brun, in his "Voyages," tells us that the Persians, on the 20th of March, 1704, kept the festival of the Solar New Year, which, he says, lasted several days, when they mutually presented each other, among other things, with colored eggs. Among the Persians, the New Year is looked upon as the renewal of all things, and is noted for the triumph of the Sun

of Nature, as Easter is with the Christians for that over death. The Feast of the New Year was celebrated at the vernal equinox, that is, at a time when the Christians, kept only the festival of Easter. Hence, the feast of eggs has been attached to Easter. Father Camelli, in his "History of Customs," says that, during Easter and the following days, hard eggs, painted of different colors, but principally red, are the ordinary food of the season. In Italy, Spain, and Provence, where almost every ancient superstition is retained, there are in the public places certain sports with eggs. This custom he derives from the Jews or the Pagans, for he observes it common to both.

Among the Christians of Mesopotamia, on Easter Day and for forty days afterwards, the children buy for themselves as many eggs as they can, and stain them with red, green and yellow. Colored eggs are also sold in the market. The sport consists in striking the eggs

one against another, and the egg that first breaks is won by the owner of the egg that struck it. Immediately another egg is pitted against the winning egg, and so they go on, till the last remaining egg wins all the others. In England, on Easter Eve, boys beg eggs to play with. These are hardened by boiling, and tinged with the juice of herbs, broom-flowers, etc. The boys then go out and play with them in the fields, rolling them up and down, like bowls, upon the ground, or throwing them up, like balls, into the air. Eggs stained with various colors in boiling, and sometimes covered with leaf-gold, are also presented to children.

Still another writer says: "The Italians do not only abstain from flesh during Lent, but also from eggs, cheese, butter, and all white meats. As soon as the eggs are blessed, every one carries his portion home, and causeth a large table to be set in the best room in the house, which they cover with their best linen,

EASTER EGG ROLLING

all bestrewed with flowers, and place round about it a dozen dishes of meat, and the great charger of eggs in the midst. 'Tis a very pleasant sight to see these tables set forth in the houses of great persons, when they expose on side tables (round about the chamber) all the plate they have in the house, and whatever else they have that is rich and curious, in honor of their Easter eggs, which of themselves yield a very fair show, for the shells of them are painted with divers colors, and gilt. Sometimes there are no less than twenty dozen in the same charger, neatly laid together in the form of a pyramid. The table continues, in the same posture, covered, all the Easter week, and all those who come to visit them in that time are invited to eat an Easter egg with them, which they must not refuse."

"Easter Day," says a visitor to Russia, "is set apart as a time for visiting in this country. A Russian came into my room, offered me his

hand, and gave me at the same time an egg. Another followed who also embraced and gave me an egg. I gave him in return the egg which I had just before received. The men go to each other's houses in the morning and introduce themselves by saying, 'Jesus Christ is risen.' The answer is, 'Yes, He is risen.' The people then embrace, give each other eggs, and drink together." This extract from Hakluyt's "Voyages," a very old book, shows how little the custom has varied in Russia: "They have an order at Easter which they always observe, and that is this: every yeere, against Easter, to die or colour red, with Brazzle (Brazil-wood) a great number of eggs, of which every man and woman giveth one unto the priest of the parish upon Easter Day, in the morning. And, moreover, the common people use to carrie in their hands one of these red eggs, not only upon Easter Day, but also three or foure dayes after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen

have egges gilded, which they carrie in like manner. They use it as they say, for a great love, and in token of the Resurrection, whereof they rejoice. For when two friends meete during the Easter Holydayes they come and take one another by the hand; and one of them saith, 'The Lord, our Christ, is risen;' the other answereth, 'It is so of a trueth;' and then they kiss and exchange their egges; both men and women, continuing foure days together."

From the above quotations and many more which might be made, if we had space for them, you may see how old are the Easter customs, and in how many lands the quaint idea is found of using an egg to symbolize the resurrection. Boys and girls of America have followed this custom. All like to get their Easter eggs, and many are the games that have been invented. In Washington, on the Monday after Easter, the smooth slope of the White House lawn is

used for egg rolling contests, in which hundreds of children take part.

Among the legends which still are told, one is that the eggs are the gift of the Easter Rabbit; and nowadays the little Bunnies are quite as popular gifts as are the eggs. These and the Easter lilies are the three great symbols that are seen on every side. And how beautiful are our churches on that glad day! The altars are banked with stately lilies gleaming out like stars from a mass of green. One of our earliest of Spring flowers, they typify the new life that has been quickened in the heart of Nature after the sleep of Winter.

Easter Sunday with the church-goers is one of the great days of the year. The musical service is equalled only by that of Christmas. It is the time of all times for us to dress in our very best. Every girl feels that she *must* have her new hat, or there is no joy in life. And after the service is over, what a dress parade

may be seen in the streets! In New York, the Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue is an annual event of importance. There Dame Fashion may be seen walking abroad in all her dignity; for the people of wealth forsake their limousines in order to take their place in the promenade.

And thus it is around the world, with high and low, Easter is a day of joy. It comes at just the right time to awaken a feeling of gladness in us all. Winter is over. The new life of Spring is at hand. And if Nature can thus conquer death, how easy it is for us to believe the great story back of Easter Day.

The little flowers came through the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time:
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say
At happy Easter time!"

MAY DAY

(May 1)

OLD SONG

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing.

RICHARD BARNFIELD (1570).

MAY DAY

You must wake and call me early, call me early
mother dear;
Tomorrow will be the happiest time of all the
glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the mad-
dest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen of the May.

Thus sang Tennyson, the English poet, about a happy, outdoor day for children, in England and America alike. In America, however, we do not celebrate May Day to the extent that it is celebrated across the water. In England the first Saturday after the first of May is often chosen, because that is a holiday in the schools, and the children can give the whole day to their enjoyment and games.

And, although we may dance around our maypoles, we cannot very well crown our May Queens with crowns of May, or hawthorn blossom, because in many of our States the hawthorn is not in bloom on the first of May. But in warmer climates, in other countries, and in years long, long ago, May Day celebrations were among the greatest of the year. May Day, indeed, has quite a history and a very interesting one.

Like a good many other of our holidays and celebrations, that of May Day has come down to us from an old Roman festival. The Romans who lived seventeen hundred years ago knew nothing of Christianity and had many gods and goddesses. Among these was Flora, the goddess of flowers and Spring, and every year, from April 28 to May 3, a festival was held in her honor, and games were held in the building, which they called the Circus. Children, whose arms were filled with flowers, and

whose heads were wreathed with garlands, danced along the streets with greetings for other groups of May Day revellers whom they met. They twined their garlands around the marble columns of the temple of Flora, and laid upon the altar the fairest of their floral offerings, hoping thus to gain the favor of the goddess. The *flamen florialis,* or priest of Flora, stood at the altar, wearing a tall and conical white cap, trimmed with wool and topped with olive wood, a long white mantle and an olive wreath of his order. He it was who received their gifts, and then the youths and maidens, joining hands before the altar, went through the figures of a sort of stately minuet or flower-dance and, as they danced, they sang a joyous hymn in praise of Flora, of flowers and of Spring. The boy or girl who should be the first to place a garland of flowers on Flora's altar was supposed to be sure of good luck for the rest of the year.

In England there was, for many years, one very curious feature in May Day celebrations, which would have made many American boys and girls—yes and grown-ups, too—stare with surprise. This was the procession of the chimney-sweeps. It used to be the custom in London to make little boys climb up chimneys and sweep down the soot. Now they no longer employ such chimney-sweeps; but in the old days it was their custom, every May Day, to have a great procession of the sweeps in London. On some occasions kind-hearted people helped to make the day a glad one for the little folks of the chimneys by asking them all to a good dinner of roast beef and plum pudding.

Another of the sights in London, on May Day, was the line of stage coaches, which were used before railways were made, all gaily decorated, with the horses smartly groomed, and the harness brightly polished, and the driv-

THE MAY POLE

ers and guards or conductors in their new clothes. The milkmaids, too, used to bedeck themselves with flowers and go from house to house dancing and singing.

In all the towns and villages in England and Wales great preparations were made for the May Day celebrations. It was the custom to rise a little after midnight (people went to bed earlier in those days than they do now) and go into the woods, returning with branches and nosegays and crowns of flowers. Some of these would be hung on the doors of friends' houses. Pranks were often played, and sometimes, in spite, a bunch of nettles would take the place of flowers. At the large school at Eton, if the weather was fine, the boys were allowed to rise at four o'clock and go into the woods, if they could do so "without getting their feet wet." Do you suppose any boy living could do it? But probably every boy tried. How general this custom was you may see

when you read that King Henry VIII and Queen Katharine at the beginning of his reign "rose on May Day very early and with the lords and ladies of the court went to fetch May or green boughs."

Shakespeare in some of his plays says, "It is impossible to make the people sleep on May morning," and that "they rose early to observe the rite of May." But one of the most beautiful observances of the day takes place at Oxford, where on May morning the citizens and the people from the neighboring villages all come to listen to the sweet singing of the choristers (all in their white gowns) on the top of the tower of Magdalen College. All is calm and quiet until, the singing finished, the first peal of the church bells breaks out, and then the mirth and fun begin.

As with all celebrations in olden times, some strange ideas were held by the country folk in connection with May Day. One of them was

that if you wet your face with dew, on May Day morning, your complexion would be greatly improved. So on the first of May you might have seen hundreds of girls and women out in the fields while the dew was yet on the ground, seeking to make themselves more attractive by this means.

But the great event of the English day was dancing around the maypole. This pole was not one of the small size used in our May Day celebrations, but a big tree. In some cases it took forty yoke of oxen to haul it from the woods, whence it was brought all decorated with flowers and streamers. This tall tree was set firmly in the ground (for it often remained in its position for a year) and round about it little booths and arbors were often built. When the decoration of it was properly finished, the people used to spend the rest of the day in dancing around it. Washington Irving, the author who wrote "Rip Van Winkle," was

so delighted when he saw a maypole on the banks of the Dee, near Chester in England, that he wrote: "I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a maypole. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers and peopled the green bank with all the dancing and revelry of May Day. The mere sight of this maypole gave a glow to my feelings and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day."

Very different, however, was the feeling toward May Day which the old Puritans showed. The Puritans took a very serious view of life, and the following has been printed as a specimen of a Puritan's May Day verse:

Good morning, lads and lasses, it is the first of May;
I hope you'll view the garland, for it looks very gay;
Now take the Bible in your hand and read a chapter through,
And when the day of judgment comes, the Lord will think of you.

As for dancing around the maypole, the

Puritans thought this was as bad as the worship of idols. Nathaniel Hawthorne tells us of a case in point. He says that in the year 1628, at a place near a settlement of Puritans in Massachusetts, some of the people were enjoying themselves dancing about the maypole, which so enraged the Puritans that Governor Endicott rushed to the pole and hacked it with his sword till it fell, at which the Puritan followers said "Amen!"

It is one of the prettiest of sights today to see thousands of children gathered in our parks at their May Day celebrations and games, twining many-colored ribbons around the maypoles, crowning their Queen, and enjoying themselves in the true spirit of the day. The winter with its dreary days and its frost and snow are all forgotten, for spring is here, and we know that every day more flowers will come into bloom, and that it will not be long before all the glory of summer is over the land.

ARBOR DAY

(Various dates; usually early in May)

HE WHO PLANTS TREES

He who plants a tree, he plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.

Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant-life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work his own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.

ARBOR DAY

Arbor is the Latin word for "tree," so we might call this "Tree Day;" but a still better name for it would be "Tree-planting Day," because that gives a perfectly correct idea of its object. It may well be regarded as one of the most valuable of all our holidays—as it is one of our newest—for the good that can come from it.

One of the great sources of the wealth of the United States is our timber. This comes chiefly from the great forests in North and South Carolina, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Washington, and Oregon. Here we find wooded tracts covering millions of acres, and there are more than 25,000 saw-mills and planing-mills at work cutting up and preparing the shingles, beams, and planks that are

used in building alone. Think for a moment of the numbers of uses to which timber is put. Besides that used in building, a large quantity is required for furniture, tools, wagons, toys, packing cases, barrels, poles for telegraph and telephone wires, and many other things. A large quantity is needed for fuel. It has been estimated that the grate and kindling wood used in the United States in a single year is worth 330 millions of dollars. Just think of it!

Besides all this the wood of certain trees is ground into pulp for the manufacture of paper; that of other trees is used in making gunpowder; the pine trees give us pitch, tar, and resin; and the bark of several trees is used for tanning leather. Also, from a large number of trees dyes are obtained and valuable medicines are prepared, some of which were used by the Indians long before the white man ever came to his country.

You will easily see that the cutting of timber every year for all these purposes makes a very large reduction in the number of our trees. Besides, there is a large loss of timber through forest fires, which sometimes burn over ten million acres in a single year. But for many years the owners of forests and the dealers in lumber never gave a thought to the fact that when a tree was destroyed, the proper and the wise thing to do was to plant another in its place at once, so that as the years went by and the new trees grew up there would still be timber for the people who came after them. Instead, they cut down one tract after another, leaving great bare spaces, which you may see today as you travel through the forest districts.

You may say: "All this is very interesting, but what has it to do with Arbor Day?" Wait a moment and you will see.

If you should happen to pick up a geography

of fifty years ago, you would probably see printed across the space now occupied by the State of Nebraska the words, "The Great American Desert." It was in this very State that Arbor Day had its beginning. In 1872, Mr. J. Sterling Morton, a far-seeing statesman, pointed out to his fellow citizens that it would be a fine thing to plant trees over the great barren prairies. He suggested that a certain day should be set apart each year when all could join in the tree-planting. It took some time for his ideas—and the trees themselves—to take root. Many persons scoffed at the scheme and said that trees could not grow in Nebraska; but they did, and gradually "The Great American Desert" has been transformed into a fertile and prosperous farming and orchard country. The State Board of Agriculture offered prizes for the counties and persons planting the largest number of trees, and it is said that more than a million trees were

planted the first year, and that since that time more than 800 million trees have been planted in the State! In 1895, in honor of Mr. Morton and his plan, the State legislature resolved that Nebraska should be known hereafter as the "Tree Planters' State."

Another pioneer in the Arbor Day movement was Mr. B. G. Northrup, for many years chairman of the American Forestry Association. Mr. Northrup started a scheme, forty years ago, under which he offered a prize of a dollar to every boy or girl who should plant or help in planting five trees; and he pushed forward so successfully the idea of having a set day in schools for planting, that now there are but few States in which Arbor Day is not observed. The exact date varies somewhat according to climate, but it is usually in the spring. The State of New York, by a law passed in 1888, decided that the Friday following the first day of May should be known all through the

State as Arbor Day. This law which is similar to statutes in other States makes it the duty of the heads of every public school to assemble the scholars and hold such exercises as shall be likely to encourage the planting, protection, and preservation of trees and shrubs, and to give instructions in the best methods to carry out this work. How quickly and generally the idea of Arbor Day was taken up in New York may be seen when we read that within ten years from the time that the observance of the day was begun, the school children of that State planted more than 200,000 trees.

It is usual to plant trees in honor of some person or in memory of some event. At the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at one Arbor Day celebration, the scholars not only planted a hundred trees on the campus, but also one each in honor of their visitors, each guest choosing his favorite tree.

In an Arbor Day letter to the schoolchildren

of the United States, President Roosevelt said:

"It is well that you should celebrate your Arbor Day thoughtfully, for within your lifetime the Nation's need of trees will become serious. We of an older generation can get along with what we have, though with growing hardship; but in your full manhood and womanhood you will want what nature once so bountifully supplied, and man so thoughtlessly destroyed; and because of that want you will reproach us, not for what we have used, but for what we have wasted.

"A people without children would face a hopeless future; a country without trees is almost as hopeless; forests which are so used that they cannot renew themselves will soon vanish, and with them all their benefits. A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a factory of wood, and at the same time a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or plant new

ones you are acting the part of good citizens. The value of forestry deserves, therefore, to be taught in the schools, which aim to make good citizens of you. If your Arbor Day exercises help you to realize what benefits each one of you received from the forests, and how by your assistance these benefits may continue, they will serve a good end."

In our country Arbor Day, as you see, is not a holiday of long standing; but the idea itself is very old. The ancient Aztecs of Central America, centuries before Columbus sailed to these shores, are said to have planted a tree every time a child was born, and to have given the child's name to the tree. In parts of Mexico the Indians still keep up this old custom.

In Germany where they care for their forests as carefully as any other part of their standing crops, a somewhat similar custom exists. Each family in some rural districts plants

its own trees with special ceremonies, forty days after Easter.

An old Swiss record of the fifth century gives an account of an early Tree Day in that country. Mr. R. H. Schauffler thus tells the story: "It seems that the people of a little Swiss town called Brugg assembled in council and resolved to plant a forest of oak trees on the common. The first rainy day thereafter the citizens began their work. They dug holes in the ground with canes and sticks, and dropped an acorn in each hole, tramping the dirt over it. More than twelve sacks were sown in this way, and after the work was done each citizen received a wheaten roll as a reward.

"For some reason the work was all in vain, for the seed never came up. Perhaps the acorns were laid too deep, or it might have been that the tramping of so many feet had packed the earth too firmly. Whatever the cause, the acorns refused to sprout, and the townspeople

sowed the same ground with rye and oats, and after the harvest they tried the acorn planting again—this time in another way—by plowing the soil and sowing the acorns in the furrows. But again the great oaks refused to grow; grass came up instead, and the people were disappointed. But an oak tree grove they were determined to have, so after this second failure a few wise men put their heads together and decided to gain the desired result by transplanting. A day was appointed in October, and the whole community, men, women, and children, marched to the woods, dug up oak saplings, and transplanted them on the common. At the close of the exercises each girl and boy was presented with a roll, and in the evening the grown people had a merry feast in the town hall. This time the trees grew. The people of Brugg were pleased and satisfied, and instituted the day of tree-planting as a yearly holiday. Every year as the day came around the children formed in

line and marched to the oak grove, bringing back twigs or switches, thus proving that the oaks were thriving, and every year at the close of the parade the rolls were distributed to be eaten in remembrance of the day. The festival still exists and is known as 'The Switch Parade.'"

The most unique celebration of Arbor Day, probably, is that which occurs at Eynsford, England, where some remarkable commemorative tree-planting has taken placee. The observance began in 1897, during Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, when shade trees were planted in acrostic form, and an orchard of apple trees was set out. During the South African war the shade trees spelled out the names of three battles, Kimberly, Ladysmith, and Mafeking. In 1902, four years after Queen Victoria's death, trees were planted along the main road as a memorial in acrostic form, repeating Lord Tennyson's line:

"She wrought her people lasting good."

Since then a quarter of a mile of trees have been planted whose initial letters spell out two lines from Robert Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra:"

"The best is yet to be:
The last of life for which the first was made."

In this way the people are drawn to learn the names of many different varieties of trees, so as to identify them at sight and read the couplets from the initial letters, for themselves.

So far has the Arbor Day movement spread, that the day is now celebrated in the Hawaiian Islands and even in Japan, where the Emperor's birthday has been chosen for the date. The time seems not far distant when it will be observed in every land. Think of the tremendous good it would do. In China, for example, where, centuries ago, the destruction of the

forests left the land barren and worthless, millions of acres could thus be reclaimed.

Arbor Day has another good lesson for us. It is that we should not only plant new trees, but *study* them. The study of trees and plants is one of the most interesting and useful subjects that can be taken up. There are so many things to be learned about them, such as the different kinds of roots that trees have; their leaves and bark; why trees grow upward, why they grow straight, why some trees grow to a certain height and others grow much higher, why the branches grow sideways, what certain trees are used for, and why under certain conditions, trees turn to coal.

Perhaps one of the most useful schools to enable boys to learn about trees is that started at "Biltmore," the North Carolina estate of Mr. George Vanderbilt, some years ago. Here boys from different parts of the country now come to learn all about forestry, or the

care of trees. They are taught to tell the kinds of trees from their twigs and flowers, how to cut certain trees for turpentine, how to saw and pile cordwood, how to peel the bark from trees for tanning, and how to do many other things. But one of the most important things they learn —and here is where the Arbor Day idea comes in—is "reforesting," that is, the planting of young trees to take the place of those that have been cut down. On many old farm tracts, which their former owners gave up because they considered them worthless, the young woodsmen from Biltmore have planted ash, cherry, and other hard woods; and where once were bare tracts of land you may now see hundreds of acres of young trees growing.

There is a story of an old Scotch farmer who, on his deathbed, called his eldest son to him. "The greatest wealth that I can leave you," he said, "is the trees. But don't squander this wealth—add to it, instead. Plant trees—

plenty of trees. Remember, they are growing while you are sleeping."

The poet, Bryant, has voiced the same sentiment beautifully in his poem, "The Planting of the Apple Tree." We will quote only a part of it here, but it would be a fine thing for you to look up the whole poem and learn it by heart, for the next Arbor Day.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree,
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly;
As 'round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet,
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall hunt and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree,
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

BIRD DAY

(Various dates; usually early in May)

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

Think, every morning when the sun peeps
through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to
shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BIRD DAY

Have you ever thought how dreary the world would be without any birds? The spring, with all its beauties of the early buds and blossoms and the fresh green of the meadows, would be a poor kind of spring without the song of bluebird and robin to greet us and remind us that the dreary days of winter are over, and that before very long the glorious golden days of summer will be here. We would miss that "rascal of the woods," as he has been called, the blue jay, not to speak of the cowbird and the catbird, and the homelike caw of crow as he watches the upturned furrows made by the plow or the journeys of the harrow up and down the fields.

And a summer, too, without the birds would

be very strange. No swallows circling about in the air; no song of thrush or blackbird; no cheery note of warbler or bobolink; no sight of oriole, and waxwing, and tanager, in their brilliant colored coats; and no stately eagle, the symbol of our nation. Still further, if all the birds were taken from us we should miss the majestic swans upon our lakes and rivers, the familiar quack of the ducks upon the ponds, and the homely but invaluable tenants of our henneries, with their lordly roosters; and—not an egg for breakfast!

But beyond the pleasure that we derive from the presence of birds, there is another and a much more important aspect of the matter. Jules Michelet, the talented French naturalist and historian, says in one of his books that if all the birds of the world were destroyed, within nine years it would be impossible for man to inhabit it. Certain birds, like the owls, prey upon small gnawing animals, such as the

rat and the mouse, which work such havoc in our orchards and gardens and fields; others feed upon insects. Persons who have studied the subject carefully have estimated that farmers and gardeners in the United States and Canada sustain a loss of 400 million dollars a year from the ravages of insects alone! This does not include damage to ornamental shrubbery, shade and forest trees, nor to the grass growing on our prairies. Insects are, in fact, natural enemies of vegetation. Fortunately, however, birds are the natural enemies of insects.

As Dr. Chapman has so well said, in his book, "Bird Life:" "In the air swallows and swifts are coursing rapidly to and fro ever in pursuit of the insects which constitute their sole food. When they retire the nighthawks and whip-poor-wills take up the chase, catching moths and other nocturnal insects which would escape day-flying birds. Flycatchers lie in

wait, darting from ambush at passing prey, and with a suggestive click of the bill returning to their post. The warblers, light, active creatures, flutter about the foliage, and with almost the skill of a humming-bird pick insects from the leaf or blossom. The vireos patiently explore the under sides of leaves and odd nooks and corners to see that no skulker escapes. The woodpeckers, nuthatches, and creepers attend to the trunks and limbs, examining carefully each inch of bark for its eggs and larvae, and excavating for the ants and borers that they bear within. On the ground the hunt is continued by the thrushes and sparrows, and other birds. Even the insects which pass their earlier stages or their entire lives in the water are preyed upon by the water birds."

Since the birds are doing all this wonderful and valuable work, it is only right and proper that a day should be set apart in their honor. In most of the States Bird Day is celebrated

in the schools. There is no fixed date for it; and in several States Arbor Day and Bird Day are combined. A few of the States issue "Arbor and Bird Day Annuals," which are often really handsome volumes with full-page illustrations of birds in colors, and descriptions of our two-legged and feathered friends. The Governor of the State usually issues a proclamation announcing the date or dates on which Arbor and Bird Day shall be celebrated. These documents are generally very dull and formal, but at times they show the spirit of the true bird lover. One of the best was that issued by the Governor of Indiana in 1907, which is well worth reading. It begins:

"The mysteries of the changing seasons are about us. Budding foliage, bursting flowers, and fragrant blossoms are everywhere. The air is vibrant with the babble of many waters and with the cries and songs of nestling birds. April—changing, fickle, and winsome April—

sits again 'at the Loom of Spring,' weaving of air and sunlight and of dew and shower a thousand 'wonder fabrics.' Unseen but vital and mysterious forces are revivifying the earth and calling unto us to join in Nature's annual triumph over death.

"To this call we can make no more appropriate answer than to set apart a day for the celebration of the return of this glad new season, and for the planting of trees and shrubs. Every tree planted makes the earth more habitable and a happier place in which to dwell. It adds also to the material welfare of the State."

The proclamation ends:

"Let this be done in the interest of forestry cultivation and with a view to adding to the beauty and the wealth and resources of the State, and to our own culture and happiness and the culture and happiness of our children. To him who understands the life of tree and bird and the lessons taught by them 'the whis-

pering grove a holy triumph is,' and every bird that has the gift of song God's messenger."

In many states Bird Day is arranged in connection with the National Association of Audubon Societies, a most useful society for preserving and protecting the wild birds of the country. A sketch of John James Audubon, America's most famous naturalist, is printed in many annuals, together with poems and articles on various birds; and the schools' exercises consist of readings and recitations from these, and an address by some prominent bird lover. When it is remembered that several of our birds, such as the great auk, the passenger pigeon (which used to be seen in millions), the wild turkey, and the South Carolina paroquet, have now become extinct, or are in danger of becoming so, the usefulness of Bird Day in spreading a love of birds and the desire to help them is self-evident.

In Salt Lake City there is a unique monu-

ment to the birds. For three years in succession, from 1848 to 1850, black crickets by millions threatened to ruin the crops upon which the very lives of the settlers depended. The situation was as serious as it could be, when, just in the nick of time, large flocks of gulls came to the rescue, and devoured the destructive insects until the fields were completely freed from them. So the citizens erected a monument, on which is a bronze figure of two gulls, "in grateful remembrance" of the birds' services. On April 3, 1915, Salt Lake City had a great celebration of Bird Day, that date being chosen as the anniversary of the birthday of Mr. John Burroughs, our revered bird lover. At Liberty Park a bird "sanctuary" or refuge for birds was dedicated, a huge, permanent sign being unveiled, the first line of which reads: "Do you prefer destruction by insects to the song of birds?"

In another way Bird Day is also having a

most useful result, and that is in the photographing of live birds in their native haunts. Sportsmen who formerly used only to kill the birds now have taken up bird photography, and say that they have far more pleasure with the camera than they ever had with the gun. Photographing birds is not only a fine recreation, but it gives one an intimate knowledge of bird life, of nesting sites and times, and of bird habits generally which cannot be obtained in any other way.

Let us make friends with our bird neighbors. Let us study them and protect them. It is a friendship that will pay us back an hundredfold.

MOTHERS' DAY

(Second Sunday in May)

TO MY MOTHER

I've gone about for years, I find,
With eyes half blind,
Squandering golden hours
In search of flow'rs
That do not grow, it seems,
Except in dreams;
But in my wanderings
From place to place
I've found more fair no face——
No eyes more true than thine,
Oh, mother mine!

EDWARD S. FIELD.

MOTHERS' DAY

In a certain New England town there is an old man who for many years has lived at an hotel, and, save for one occasion, has never been known to speak to anyone, except when ordering his meals. In the winter when he sits in the hotel lobby, reading the daily paper, he turns his face to the radiator. He goes for his daily walk, out and home, with never a good morning greeting for anybody, and receiving none. On one occasion, however, curiosity seems to have gotten the better of the old gentleman. It was the second Sunday in May, and a beautiful morning. As he went for his walk, he met a number of children—little tots and older ones—each one of whom carried white carnations. Then he noticed that

the men he met were all wearing carnations in their buttonholes. Stopping a little girl, he asked why everybody had these flowers. "Why," said she, "don't you know it's Mothers' Day, and you've got to write home to your mother? If you'd like a carnation, I'll give you one." And, placing a flower in his hand, she trotted on her way. Persons who saw this incident, and who knew the old man by sight, often wondered whether the little girl's answer and gift brought gladness or sorrow to him—gladness in remembering that he had not forgotten his mother, or sorrow in recollecting the long, long years he had had no news from home.

It was a happy thought to have the carnation, a white carnation, as the badge of Mothers' Day. It is one of the most fragrant flowers that blow; and a mother's love is one of the sweetest things in the world. And the color, white, suggests that our love for our mothers

should be as pure. But wearing a carnation is only one of the features in the celebration of Mothers' Day. The letter home, the songs, recitations, or other school exercises, while simple, help to make us remember the every-day things we are often in danger of forgetting.

While the formal setting apart of Mothers' Day in this country is very recent, the idea may be traced back to ancient times. Mother love is older, indeed, than the Christian faith. Rhea, the "great Mother of the Gods," was worshipped in Asia Minor; but with her, as with Juno, it was her majesty and might rather than mother love, that was celebrated. Rhea, or Cybele, as she was also called, was pictured as traveling in a chariot drawn by lions. The lion and the oak and pine trees were her emblems.

From Asia these rites were taken to Greece and Rome, where they became a part of the

Feast of Hilaria, held on the Ides of March. With the coming of the Christian era, this and other of the old heathen festivals were supplanted by ceremonies of the Church. The Virgin Mary became the "Mother" of the Roman Catholic faith; and the "Mother Church" idea also arose.

Out of this, in time, grew another beautiful idea, which was to set apart in England a special day as Mothering Day. This was in the middle of Lent and all young men and women who were serving away from home as apprentices were asked to go home to visit their parents. In Chambers' "Book of Days," we have the following account of the custom:

"The harshness and general painfulness of life in old times must have been much relieved by certain simple and affectionate customs which modern people have learned to dispense with. Amongst these was a practice of going to see parents, and especially the female one,

on the mid Sunday of Lent, taking for them some little present, such as a cake or a trinket. A youth engaged in this amiable act of duty was said to go a-mothering, and thence the day itself came to be called Mothering Sunday. One can readily imagine how, after a stripling or maiden had gone to service or launched in independent housekeeping, the old bonds of filial love would be brightened by this pleasant annual visit, signalized, as custom demanded it should be, by the excitement attending some novel and perhaps surprising gift. There was also a cheering and peculiar festivity appropriate to the day, the prominent dish being *furmety*—which we have to interpret as wheat grains boiled in sweet milk, sugared and spiced. In the northern part of England, and in Scotland, there seems to have been a greater leaning to steeped pease fried in butter, with pepper and salt."

Another gift very popular on "Mothering

Sunday" was a simnel cake. Walsh says of this delicacy: "In Shropshire, Yorkshire, and Herefordshire it has long been the custom to make during Lent a cake called a simnel, which is deemed especially appropriate as a "mothering" present. Herrick writes:

> I'll to thee a Simnell bring,
> 'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering,
> So that when she blesseth thee,
> Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

"Inside of a simnel cake was like a rich fruit cake, but it had an outer crust made of flour and water. Boiled first in water, it was subsequently baked. The crust is colored yellow with saffron and ornamented with more or less art."

In recalling the story of these old-time Mothers' Days, we must not think that our modern day can be traced back to the past. On the contrary, for many, many years in our busy and sometimes careless America, we have paid no

attention to it at all. It is only within the last few years that the custom has arisen in this country.

The wearing of a white carnation first began in memory of our martyred President, William McKinley, who always wore this favorite flower in honor of his mother. In a Philadelphia Sunday School a special Mothers' Day was planned, as a reminder of loving, unselfish mothers, living or dead. This was the beginning of our Mothers' Day. The idea spread quickly, and in 1914 was taken up by Congress, who recommended to the President that a day be set apart in honor of mothers; and Congress said: "The service rendered the United States by the American mother is the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration; we honor ourselves and the mothers of America when we do anything to give emphasis to the home as the fountain head of the State; and the American mother is doing so much for the

home, the moral uplift, and religion, hence so much for good government and for humanity."

These were noble words, and they agree with many sayings about mothers. The great Napoleon said: "France needs nothing so much as good mothers." An old writer says: "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters." Oliver Wendell Holmes writes:

"Youth fades, love droops, the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

N. P. Willis wrote: "One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before the throne of God burn through eternity." For centuries the most famous artists have delighted to put their finest work in their Madonnas; and more than one modern painter has shown his love for his mother by painting her portrait. Whistler's picture of his mother is one of the best known works of that artist.

On May 9, 1914, President Wilson issued a proclamation directing the government officials to display the United States flag on all government buildings, and inviting the people to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places *on the second Sunday in May* as "a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country."

Mothers' Day is now widely celebrated throughout the country. Schools usually celebrate it on Friday, and business and other organizations on Saturday before the second Sunday in May. At a church in Seattle there was a very beautiful incident in connection with the day. All the women in the congregation held their bouquets of white carnations aloft while the minister pronounced a blessing, and at the close of the service the flowers were gathered and placed on the graves of mothers whose relatives were not in the city to perform the duty. Governor Colquitt of Texas par-

doned certain prisoners on Mothers' Day. It has been suggested that the day can be best observed by some distinct act of kindness—a visit, a letter home, a gift or tribute showing remembrance of mother and father. Jane Taylor's poem, "My Mother," is a very simple one; but many a grown-up son and daughter would do well to remember it. Some of its verses run:

Who fed me from her gentle breast
And hushed me in her arms to rest
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry
Who gazed upon my heavy eye
And wept for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee
Who was so very kind to me,
My mother?

MEMORIAL DAY

(May 30: in most States)

THE SLEEP OF THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

MEMORIAL DAY

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

A little over half a century ago our country was engaged in a desperate Civil War, one of the most momentous in all history. The men of the North were arrayed against their brothers of the South in a struggle to decide whether the nation should remain as a single Union of States, or whether the Southern Confederacy should be permitted to have a separate existence. The trouble had come to a head over the question of slavery, but really dated back to the very beginning of our history. The Constitution did not define very clearly the ques-

tion of States Rights—that is, just how much power of self-government was to be left with each State—and it finally took a war to settle it.

You all know the result. Our Union of States has been preserved, and today the men of the South are among its most loyal defenders.

Out of this great conflict has come one of our most beautiful of days—Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, as it was at first called. But Memorial Day is a much finer term, for it signifies more fully that it is our national day of remembrance.

Very soon after the war was over it began to be a local custom, in many places, to decorate the graves of the soldier dead with flowers. Naturally, this was in the spring or early summer, when blossoms were most plentiful; and from this arose the idea that a day be set aside especially for this purpose. The plan came to a head three years after the war in a suggestion

made to General John A. Logan, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, that a special day be chosen. General Logan at once approved the proposal and issued an order in which he named May 30, 1868, "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defence of their country, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, or hamlet churchyard in the land." Further on the order said: "It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed." The hope expressed by General Logan has been fully realized; for the idea was taken up so quickly that almost all of the States have now made the day a legal holiday, and there is little likelihood that its observance will ever be given up. All of the States, however, do not celebrate on May 30th,

the date being a few days earlier in some parts of the South.

In the South there is also a separate memorial for the soldiers of the "Lost Cause," and this is called "Confederate Memorial Day." In Louisiana it is celebrated on the birthday of Jefferson Davis (June 3), who was the first and only president of the short-lived Confederacy. Other Southern States have various dates, occurring as early as in April. But whether Northern or Southern the spirit is one and the same—a desire not to keep alive old differences, but to honor the memory of brave men who died in defence of their country. This idea was first expressed in a beautiful way by some Southern women, in Columbus, Mississippi, soon after the war. In caring for the graves of their loved ones who had fallen only a few months before, they strewed flowers not only on the graves of the Confederate soldiers but also on those of the Northern soldiers who had

fallen there in the same battles. When this incident was reported in the newspapers, it produced a great wave of sympathy in the North, and inspired a noble poem by Francis Miles Finch, "The Blue and the Gray," the first and last verses of which are as follows:

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

This seed of mutual love and forgiveness sowed fifty years ago has taken mighty root.

Today our nation is all the stronger because of its ordeal by fire. And to show how completely our sectional lines have been forgotten, the annual reunion of Confederate Veterans in 1917 was held in Washington our national capital. The city that they had striven so hard to capture in their early manhood surrendered with open arms to the aged men who once wore the Gray. Side by side with their brothers in Blue they marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, reviewed by the President. Later he made them a memorable address and was elected an honorary member of their camp. And in the same month that these happy events took place, a monument to the great Southern general, Robert E. Lee, was unveiled in the historic battleground of Gettysburg.

Memorial Day observances all over the land are of the same general character. Flags fly everywhere; and there is usually a parade either of the old veterans, or perhaps of the

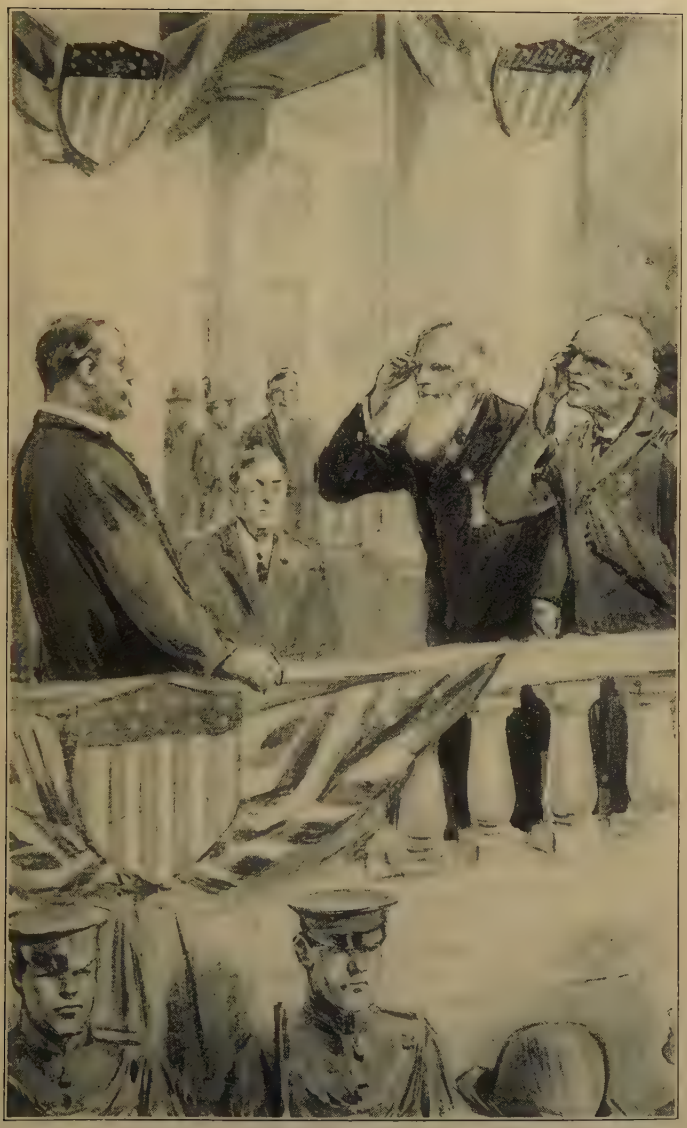
Boy Scouts or school children. The line of veterans is now becoming sadly thin, and after a very few more years the youngsters in khaki will have to take their place for good. After music and speech-making, the procession passes through the aisles of the cemetery marked by their small white headstones, and places bouquets, wreaths, and flags upon the graves. It is a tribute not only to the dead, but a pledge of the living that we, too, stand ready to serve our country in her hour of need.

The custom of placing flowers upon graves is a very old one, and has been observed by all the civilized countries of the world. The Greeks had impressive rites called Zoai, which were performed over each new grave. Offerings of flowers and olive branches were made, and if after a time a grave became covered with growing blossoms, it was thought to be an omen that the soul of the departed had found happiness.

The Romans had a special festival in honor of their dead, which was called the Parentalia, or Day of the Fathers. It was celebrated in February, and lasted for eight days. During this period the temples were closed; public offerings and sacrifices were made; and the tombs were lavishly decorated with flowers, especially violets and roses.

In early England the Druids, a band of pagan priests, had a special memorial day about the first of November, when with gifts and strange rites they tried to soften the hearts of their gods, on behalf of the dead. In China and Japan a great deal is made of ancestor worship, and it is a mark of special piety to give flowers and other gifts for this purpose.

All these practices have found modern expression in our church festivals of All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day, as we shall see later; but it is interesting to notice how the same idea has been taken up outside the church by an



MEMORIAL DAY

entire nation. Our Memorial Day is not a religious festival but a patriotic observance—a pledging anew of fealty to our flag, while we honor the memory of the men who died for it. There is one other thing we should all remember on Memorial Day—that thousands of soldiers who fell in the Civil War do not rest in our cemeteries. Of them Will Carleton, in his poem, "Cover Them Over," wrote:

Cover the thousand who sleep far away——
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;
They who in mountain and hillside and dell
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose;
Sweetly above them the wild flowret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering names for the patriot dead.
So in our minds we will name them once more,
So in our hearts we will cover them o'er;
Roses and lilies and violets blue
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.

Cover them over—yes, cover them over——
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers!

FLAG DAY

(June 14)

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Your flag and my flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white——
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright——
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds——
Your land and my land——
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight:
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you——
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

FLAG DAY

O say, can you see by the dawn s early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming?

The story of how Francis Scott Key came to write the words of our national hymn is well known to nearly every boy and girl in the land. The rapture he felt a hundred years ago on an enemy ship when, after a night of battle, he saw the Star Spangled Banner still floating over Fort McHenry, is reflected in the hearts of each one of us whenever that flag is safe from peril. And so it is fitting that we should have our Flag Day, whether in peace or in war, to celebrate the birth of the emblem.

In a memorable speech on Flag Day, in 1917, just after we had entered the great World War, President Wilson said:

"We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people."

Flag Day is one of the youngest of our holidays. It is only twenty years old, and remembering that boys and girls in our schools are taught to salute the flag, the wonder is that a special day to be kept in its honor was not

thought of earlier. To New York belongs the honor of the first public observance. In 1897 the Governor of that State issued a proclamation that on June 14 of that year the national flag should fly over all the public buildings of the State. Philadelphia also observed Flag Day the same year, and since then most of the States have followed New York's example, so that now there are few public buildings in the country over which our flag does not fly on the fourteenth of June. This particular date was chosen because on that day one hundred and twenty years earlier, the first "Stars and Stripes" flag was ordered by the Continental Congress, as our law-making body was then called. Why they chose this particular design is not certainly known, but there is a striking resemblance between it and the family arms of General Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion and three bars running across the escutcheon, and the Ameri-

can Flag may have been derived from this heraldic design.

During the early days of the Revolution, several different emblems were used. In March, 1775, a red flag was hoisted in New York, bearing on one side the inscription "George Rex and the liberties of America," and on the other side, "No Popery." In July, 1775, General Israel Putnam raised a flag over his troops, upon which was inscribed the motto of Massachusetts, *"Qui transtulit sustinet,"* the other side bearing the words, "An Appeal to Heaven." In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston carried a white flag with a pine-tree upon it, and the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven." The Virginia troops bore a flag showing a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike, and the words underneath, "Don't tread on me." The rattlesnake became a favorite device with the continental army and navy, and sometimes the reptile was shown in thirteen

parts or joints, each joint bearing the initials of one of the colonies. But this was not felt to be dignified enough for a national emblem, and on June 14, 1777, Congress passed a law ordering, "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This reference to "a new constellation" was a very appropriate one, because a constellation is a group of fixed stars to which a certain name has been given, and this was precisely the position of the American nation after it had adopted the Declaration of Independence, about which you may read in another part of this book, under "Independence Day."

The Continental Congress appointed a committee to look after the making of the new national flag, and the following description of the design was prepared: "The stars of the new flag represent the new constellation of

States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the great constellation of Lyra, which in the hand of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field from the edges of the covenanter's banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United States against oppression, incidently involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars are disposed in a circle (this was the original pattern) symbolizing the perpetuity of the union; the ring like the serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the united colonies, and denoted the subordination of the states to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The red color in the Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoting daring; and the white, purity."

It is said that Washington was a member of the committee, others being Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, who took a rough sketch of

the proposed design to a Mrs. John Ross, better known as Betsy Ross, upholsterer, who was noted for her neatness as a seamstress. She had made earlier flags for the troops, as is shown by an old bill paid by Congress the preceding year. She lived at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and her home still stands, a shrine frequently visited by patriotic pilgrims. The story runs that the stars in the design had six points, but Mrs. Ross much preferred stars with five points. So with a few clips of her scissors she deftly cut out a five-pointed star for her distinguished visitors, who satisfied of its greater beauty, accepted the change.

While the new flag which she made was approved by Congress, it was two or three years before it was generally adopted. Until the year 1780 many flags were used showing the stripes only, and General Washington wrote in 1779 that, "It is not yet settled what is the standard of the United States." Soon after

its adoption, however, the new flag was hoisted on the naval vessels of the United States. The ship, Ranger, bearing the Stars and Stripes, and commanded by Captain Paul Jones, arrived at a French port. Her flag received, on February 14, 1778, the first salute ever paid to the American flag by foreign naval vessels.

When Kentucky and Vermont were admitted into the Union in 1794, the Stars and Stripes were each increased to fifteen; but, in 1818, Congress voted to restore the original stripes, and to add a new star for each new State on the Fourth of July following its admission into the Union. This is the flag that we have to-day, and as there are forty-eight States in the Union, there are that number of stars on the flag.

Perhaps no flag on sea or land shows its grace and beauty of design, so well as the emblem of the United States, and its proportions are perfect when it is accurately and properly

made—one-half as broad as it is long—the first stripe at the top red, the next white, and the alternating colors making the last stripe red. The blue field for the stars is as broad and wide as the first seven stripes. American bunting only is now used in the manufacture of the Stars and Stripes, and these flags are woven for the government on American looms.

While the fourteenth of June, 1897, was the first original Flag Day it was by no means the earliest date on which the emblem was hoisted over a public school. This has become an increasing observance for many years past, and is not limited to the single day; but the flag flies on every school day. One of the earliest recorded instances of this use of the flag was at a little schoolhouse on Catamount Hill, Franklin County, Massachusetts. It was in May, 1812, that their home-made flag was first thrown to the breeze.

Nowadays when the flag and school are found so constantly together we often lose sight of the great things for which the emblem stands. A flag-raising and flag-lowering ceremony every day will add much to our love and respect for it. The oral Flag Salute used in our schools is: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Our Boy Scouts are probably aware that it is a part of naval etiquette that the flag shall never be allowed to touch the deck of the ship, or the ground, if on land. It should not be hoisted before sunrise, nor left flying after sunset, unless in time of battle, and this explains the meaning of Key's famous lines quoted at the first of this story. One of the most impressive of ceremonies at the West Point Military Academy is the lowering of the flag, while the sunset gun booms, the band plays, and the cadets stand at attention.

Another rule is that when the flag is to be placed at half-mast, out of respect for the dead, it is first hoisted to the top of the staff, then lowered into place. There are still other rules governing its use, some of them prescribed by law, and while they seem like little things they help us to remember the tremendous meaning behind our country's flag. Some of them are as follows:

The flag should be saluted by all present while being hoisted or lowered. This is done by standing at attention, and uncovering or touching the hat or cap.

When the flag is passing on parade, or in review, the spectator should rise if sitting; halt if walking; and always uncover and stand at attention.

When the flag is carried in parade with any other flag it should have the place of honor, at the right. If a number of flags are carried, the flag should either precede the others, or be

carried in the center, above the others, on a higher staff.

When the flag is used as a banner, the union should be at the right (as you face the flag); when draped, or when used as an altar covering, the union should be at the left. Nothing should ever be placed upon the flag.

Neither the flag nor a picture of it should be used for any advertising purposes whatsoever; nor as toys, fans, parasols, paper napkins, sofa cushions; nor as a cover for a table, desk or box; nor in any other debasing manner.

It is unlawful to trample upon, mutilate, or otherwise treat the flag with insult or contempt; or to attach to it any inscription or object whatsoever.

Whenever the "Star Spangled Banner" is being played or sung, all present should rise and stand at attention.

© John H. Tarbell

FLAG DAY

In time of war the flag flies over many of our homes. Every day then is Flag Day. But a special day—the Birthday of the Flag—is none the less valuable in recalling anew the stirring events which led up to its birth, and the inner meaning of its stars and stripes. In a poem, "Our Colors," by Laura E. Richards, we have this meaning well expressed:

Red! 'tis the hue of battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And when thy sons go forth to war,
This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with white thy banner,
And pure as northern snow
May these thy stately children
In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars' unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise
At daybreak, noon, and eventide
Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,
In threefold strength to-day
Raise high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And 'gainst a world of evil
Thy sons and thou shall stand."

INDEPENDENCE DAY

(July 4)

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great.
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen laid thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
In what a forge, with what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale.
In spite of rocks and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee; are all with thee!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Not long ago some boys were asked if they knew on what date Independence Day was celebrated. They gave it up, and on being told that it was on July 4, one of them retorted: "Well, why didn't you *say* the Fourth of July, and be done with it?"

Yes, here is one holiday the date of which is easy to remember if we use the popular name for it; and we are not likely to do anything else. Ever since that greatest of all July Fourths in our history, it has lived in our affections by this one name, and no amount of "Independence Day" is going to change it! It is a legal holiday in every State in the Union—our one distinctive, universal, national holiday.

Independence Day is really the birthday of

our Nation. It celebrates the first definite break of the American colonies with Great Britain, when the Declaration of Independence was passed by the Continental Congress. The story of the events leading up to this historic act are well known. Scattered hostilities had been taking place for several months. War had been declared against the mother country, unless certain oppressions should cease. Petitions were made. Threats were hurled. But still England would not regard the rights of the Colonists seriously. In her eyes they were only "rebels" to be dealt with as seemed best to her statesmen. The Colonists protested that they were not rebels, but only "petitioners in arms"; and that they were willing to lay down their arms if their wrongs were righted.

After all this "sparring for position," which got neither side anywhere, things began to move more quickly, and in larger fashion. Down in North Carolina and Tennessee a band

of patriots had already formulated the Mecklenburg Declaration, renouncing all connection with England; and when the Continental Congress met in 1776, a strong sentiment for entire separation from the mother country was apparent. On June 7, Richard Henry Lee, of the Virginia delegation, instructed, he said, by the unanimous vote of the Council of Virginia, presented the following resolution: "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams of Massachusetts quickly seconded the motion. A debate of four days followed, as this was a very perilous matter to all of them, and then a committee was appointed to prepare such a declaration, setting forth the grievance that had brought it about.

The committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert B. Livingstone. The actual writing of the paper is commonly attributed to Thomas Jefferson; and while he may have made use of the phrases of others in its composition, such as the recital of our grievances which were on the lips of everyone, he brought to bear upon it a literary skill and power of collecting ideas, which has made it one of the most forcible documents in the history of the world.

The Declaration of Independence was completed and laid before Congress on June 28, and after another week of earnest debate, and one or two small changes, it was accepted by Congress, and signed by the President of Congress, John Hancock, in that full, bold signature so familiar to us all, July 4, 1776. On August 2, the engrossed copy now so carefully preserved in a light-proof safe at Washington

was formally presented to Congress and received the signatures of delegates from every one of the thirteen colonies.

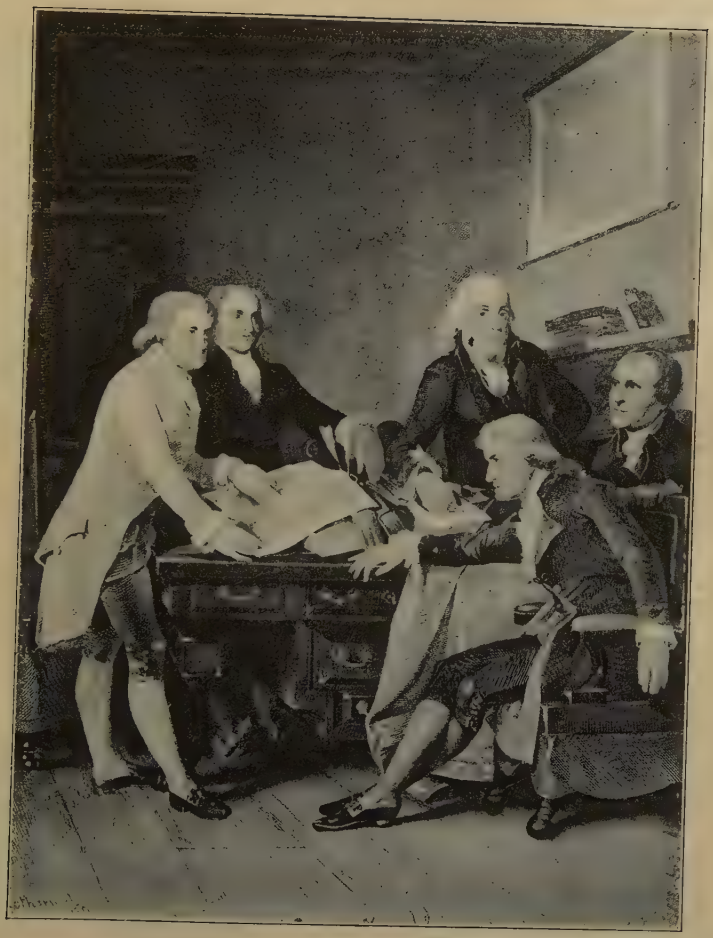
We of a later day should ever be mindful of the bravery of these men in Congress. Their act meant that if the cause of the new nation should fail, every one of the signers could be convicted of high treason and put to death. As Franklin aptly put it: "We must all hang together or we will all hang separately." Another signer, Charles Carroll of Maryland, was told that there were so many Carrolls in his State, that the King's troops would not know which one to arrest. "Yes, they will," replied Carroll, and at once wrote "of Carrollton" after his name.

While Congress deliberated on that first great Fourth of July the streets of Philadelphia were thronged with excited men. Around the State House, where Congress was assembled, they had stood all day long, waiting for action

on the momentous measure. All business was forgotten while the people pressed forward, all eyes fixed on the building, or upon the belfry where the old bell-ringer waited the signal. This bell had been brought from England, but around its rim these prophetic words were cast: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Today it was to fulfil its mission. At two o'clock in the afternoon, after long hours of waiting, the door was opened. A boy ran out into the street waving his arms and shouting wildly to the bell-man: "Ring! ring! ring!" And the famous Liberty Bell boomed out its message to the joyful people.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
  How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
  The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
  Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
  Our glorious Liberty arose!



DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

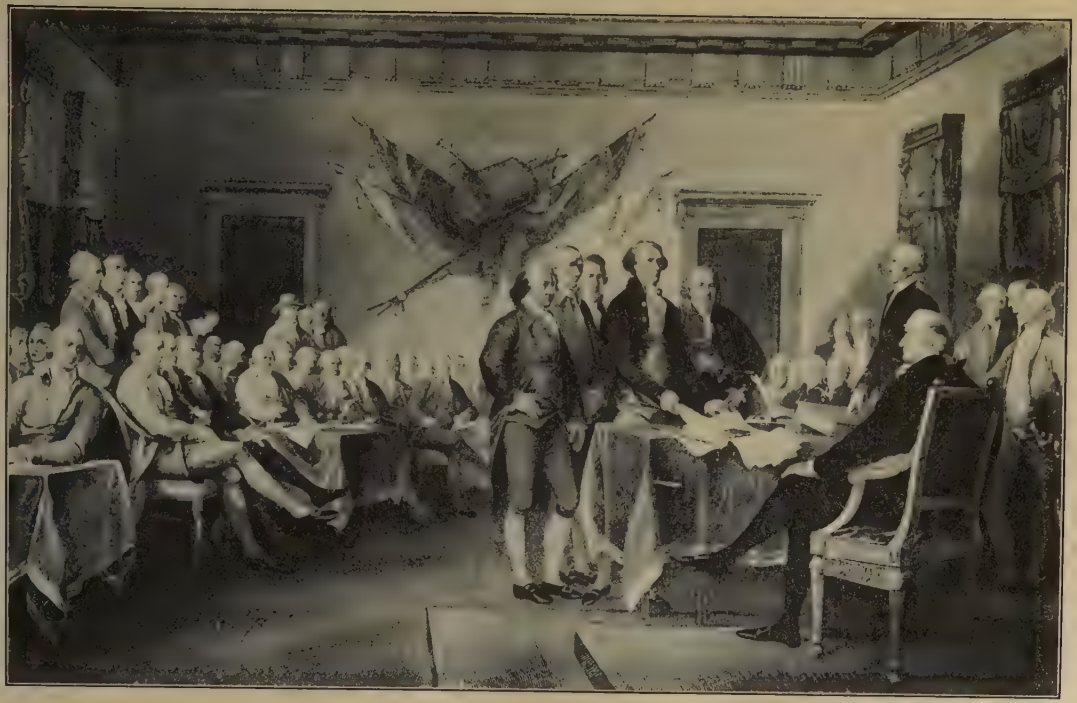
That old State House bell is silent,
  Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
  Still is living,—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
  On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
  Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence!"
  Which, please God, shall never die!

Four days later a more formal celebration occurred on a "warm sunshine morning," Marshall states, in the yard of the State House, "where, in the presence of a great concourse of people, the Declaration of Independence was read by John Nixon. The company declared their approbation by three huzzas. The King's Arms were taken down in the Court Room, State House." Then they went to the Commons, where the same was proclaimed to each of the five battalions. It was "a fine, starlight, pleasant evening. There were bonfires, ringing bells, with other great

demonstrations of joy upon the unanimity and agreement of the Declaration."

A remarkable coincidence in connection with the Fourth is that Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, and John Adams, one of the signers and its great supporter, both of whom were afterwards Presidents of the United States, died on the same day, and that Independence Day, 1826. On June 30th of that year someone asked John Adams, who was then very ill, for a toast to be given in his name on the Fourth of July. He replied, "Independence forever!" When the day came, hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he asked the cause, and on being told, he murmured, "Independence forever!" and before evening was dead.

The first military celebration of Independence Day was held July 9, under the direct orders of General Washington, who notified Congress of the event as follows: "Agreeably to



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

the request of Congress I caused the Declaration to be proclaimed before all the army under my immediate command; and have the pleasure to inform them, that the measure seemed to have their most hearty assent; the expressions and behavior, both of officers and men, testifying their warmest approbation of it."

Not content with thus celebrating freedom, Webb relates that, "last night the statue of George III was tumbled down and beheaded, the troops having long had an inclination to do so, thought the time of publishing a declaration of independence a favorable opportunity, for which they received a check in this day's orders."

Each year thereafter the day was celebrated by the army. The usual ceremonies were a salute of thirteen guns, the reading of the Declaration, a double allowance of grog, and the freeing of men confined in the guard-house.

The civilians also took up the idea and celebrated the day in its earliest years.

That everybody connected with the event at once saw its immense significance is shown by many other accounts. At the time of the signing of the Declaration, John Adams wrote to his wife a letter which has become historic. "I am apt to believe," he wrote, "that it (the day) will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

His words have proved prophetic to the smallest detail. We have had pomp and parade, and guns and bonfires without limit. We have exploded fire-crackers by day and

fireworks by night, until the "Glorious Fourth" has become the noisiest—and the most dangerous—of all our holidays. Indeed, so many people have been killed or maimed by these celebrations that, of recent years, there has been a growing sentiment for a "safe and sane" Fourth—with more music and parades, and less powder. Many towns are now burning their fire-works in one big evening celebration, instead of trusting them in the hands of young Tom, Dick, and Harry, all over town. There is no doubt that, by this means, they can see much finer fireworks, and they stand a better chance of keeping all their fingers and thumbs.

The Fourth will ever remain one of our most treasured days; but in its celebration let us be mindful of its deeper meaning.

Ring out the joy bells! Once again,
With waving flags and rolling drums,
We greet the Nation's Birthday, when,
In glorious majesty it comes.

Ah, day of days! Alone it stands,
While, like a halo round it cast,
The radiant work of patriot hands,
Shines the bright record of the past.

LABOR DAY

(First Monday in September)

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LABOR DAY

The name of this popular holiday has a curious twist to it—what learned writers would call a "paradox." We call it "Labor Day," when as a matter of fact it is a day of rest. Of course, what we really mean is that on this day the great hosts of workingmen all over the country celebrate Labor, its dignity and what it has accomplished.

We are so used to thinking of present-day things just as they are, that we do not often realize the fact that they did not always exist for our use. Take the most common things of life—such as the pen, ink, and paper which we use for writing—they are very recent things, indeed, and in their making a great many men have been employed. In your

grandfather's time they used to whittle pens out of goose quills. In the same way, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the fuel we burn —every item in our daily lives is made possible to us by the one thing—Labor.

That is why our law-makers have decided to set apart a special day in its honor. But beyond this sentimental reason lies another and a deeper one, which is the desire to bring together the interests of this great branch of public service, and those of that other great branch with which it sometimes conflicts, called Capital. By Capital we mean the money necessary to develop a piece of work and to pay the men who do it. It is quite as important to an undertaking as is Labor, and if rightly used there would be no quarrel between the two. Labor Day is a common meeting ground for them.

There is another fact about this day of which we may well be proud, which is that

America was the first country in the world to have a Labor Day and to establish it by law as a public holiday. There is an old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and certainly no right-minded person can begrudge the wage-earners of our country one "day off" in the course of the year. And not only do the workers themselves enjoy the holiday, but in our cities where large parades take place, no small amount of pleasure is given to the spectators also. The farmers have for many years held their Labor Day in the form of harvest festivals, when, together with their help, they have made merry over the ingathering of the crops. It is something like the English Harvest Home, about which you may read in the story of Thanksgiving. Labor Day, however, is a holiday of all the people; and, as has been well said, "this great thing bids for something still greater. For, if the public thus puts labor first in value and honor,

then labor may well put the public first among its ideals and interests."

The word "labor" has been defined as meaning "human activity put forth as a means to the production of goods." Thousands of years ago labor was carried on by a system of slavery. Later, in what are called the Middle Ages, labor was a modified form of slavery known as selfdom. The serfs were bound to obey their lords, and, on the other hand, they had certain rights and privileges which the lords were obliged to respect. But this system was not suitable for a manufacturing and commercial people, and by degrees it gave place to what is termed free labor, or the hiring of people for fixed wages. This was done first in England about five hundred years ago, then in the other countries of western Europe, and finally in Russia in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

In America, in 1869, there was formed an

association of workingmen, known as the Knights of Labor, a sort of secret society, the members of which had a great many disputes among themselves. At last a number of them left the society and helped to found a much larger society now known as the American Federation of Labor. Each trade had its "union," or special society, and each of these unions became part of the Federation. The first convention was held at Pittsburgh, in November, 1881. From this time the Federation has grown so rapidly that at the present day there are over two million members, and over one hundred unions. It is of these various unions of trades such as the blacksmiths, carpenters, miners, masons, stone-cutters, mine-workers, printers, teamsters, metal-workers, and others, that the great parades on Labor Day are made up.

Perhaps the first real beginning of Labor Day was a parade of the Central Labor Union

of New York, held in that city on September 5, 1882. Next year a similar parade was held on the first Monday in September, and the workingmen's organizations all over the country began petitioning the various States to make that day, Labor Day, a legal holiday. Oregon was the first State to pass such a law, in 1887, declaring the first Monday in September a public holiday to be known as Labor Day. Other States followed the example thus set, but two or three chose other dates for the holiday; thus, North Carolina set aside the first Thursday in September; Pennsylvania, the first Saturday in that month; and a part of Louisiana, November 25th. Finally, Congress, in 1894, recognized the day as falling on the first Monday in September.

Two important features of Labor Day are, first, that the various unions shall lay aside any differences that they may have; and second, that employers are asked to meet with the

workers to discuss matters relating to the welfare of the laboring classes. The conditions under which men, women, and children work in our factories and workshops today are far better than they were not so very many years ago. Formerly, women and children were employed for very long periods at a time; machinery was poorly guarded and many accidents and deaths occurred; the workshops were too small for the number of workpeople employed in them; and wages were not always paid in money, but were often paid in orders on a store kept by the company. All these things have been bettered and are constantly being improved; and the labor unions have had their large part in the work. But employers also have become better acquainted with the needs and conditions of their workers. Industrial schools have been established throughout the country. Boards of arbitration have been formed to settle disputes between employers

and workers. These prevent many "strikes" with their attendant suffering. Above all, the shops, factories, and mills are inspected to see that they are sanitary, and that the work-people may labor in them without endangering their health. These are some of the things among the so-called "rights of labor," which come to mind when we celebrate Labor Day. So you see it is an important holiday. There will probably be matters on which differences of opinion will always arise; but Labor Day should be made the occasion to show the country the workers' special needs, and for the workers to get together to hear what the country needs of them.

Labor Day is one of our firmly established holidays, and may be made one of our noblest if we approach it in the proper spirit. Let us all honor the workers, and the product of their hands. As James Russell Lowell has said:

There is always work,
And tools withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

COLUMBUS DAY

(October 12)

COLUMBUS

I see a galleon of Spanish make
That westward like a wingéd creature flies
Above a sea dawn-bright, and arched with skies
Expectant of the sun and morning-break.
The sailors from the deck their land-thirst slake
With peering o'er the waves, until their eyes
Discern a coast that faint and dream-like lies,
The while they pray, weep, laugh,—or madly take
Their shipmates in their arms and speak no word.
And then I see a figure, tall, removed
A little from the others, as behooved,
That since the dawn has neither spoke nor stirred;
A noble form, the looming mast beside,
Columbus, calm, his prescience verified.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

COLUMBUS DAY

There is an old saying which runs, "The unexpected always happens"; and the truth of it is well shown in the career of Christopher Columbus, in whose honor this holiday is kept.

When Columbus set sail on the third day of August, 1492, on the voyage which was to prove of such immense importance to the whole world, he thought he was on his way to India. He stumbled on America, so to speak, and when he found himself among the islands now known as the Bahamas, he called them the "West Indies," and the natives "Indians." He might well have expected that his name would be given to the land which he later explored; but that honor was bestowed upon another, Amerigo Vespucci. He planted colonies in the New

World; and for reward he was sent back to Spain in chains. The new country had filled his mind with visions of untold wealth for himself as well as for Spain; but he died alone, friendless and in poverty. All these things show that the unexpected was always happening with him. And it is quite certain that if he were alive today, he would have to acknowledge that the most unexpected event of them all is the celebration of a special day in his honor, by a great nation of more than a hundred million people, most of whom do not speak his native tongue.

It is usual to speak of Columbus as *the* discoverer of America. It would be more correct to speak of him as *a* discoverer of America. Students of history have found that, fifteen hundred years ago, a Buddhist monk from China, named Hoei-Shin, reached this continent and visited what is now called Mexico. Then in the year 860, some Norsemen, the sea-

rovers of those days, were driven ashore in a storm on the island of Iceland, and later a similar accident drove them to the coasts of what is now Greenland. Two of their number voyaged along the coast, landed on Nova Scotia, which they called Markland, because it was so well wooded and after two days more of sailing they made land on the coast of New England. On the shores of the Charles River, near Cambridge, Massachusetts, there are traces of houses believed to have been erected by these Northmen. There is also good reason for believing that in the year 1170 some Welshmen came over. None of these "discoveries" of America, however, led to any development of the country; they are mentioned here merely to mark the fact that Columbus was not the first white man to see the western hemisphere; but from his voyages have come the settlement and building up of the land.

The hero of Columbus Day was born near Genoa in Italy, probably in the year 1436, but various dates are given, some writers fixing his date of birth as late as 1447. He was christened in Italian, Christoforo Columbo. Later when he went to Spain he was called Cristóbal Colon. The Latin form is Christopherus Columbus, the English shortening the first name to Christopher. The feminine form of "Columbus" means "dove," and Christopherus means "Christ-bearer." You will see later on that Columbus, at the time of his landing in the New World, lived up to this title.

According to some writers, the boy Christopher was sent to the University of Pavia, but this seems doubtful, as at fifteen he went to sea. Piracy was common and looked upon as a brave occupation in those days, and during a sea-fight Columbus was wrecked on the shores of Portugal, probably about 1470. He settled in Lisbon and made voyages to the Ma-

deira Islands, the Azores, and to Iceland. Columbus's eldest son, Ferdinand, speaking of his father's appearance about this time, says that "although young, his hair was perfectly white," and that he "was tall and commanding in appearance and in manner." Columbus was very clever in the drawing of maps and charts, and as the Portuguese were the most energetic sailors of the time, he was able to help support his father's family as well as his wife's in this way. He was married to the daughter of an Italian cavalier and navigator who died poor, leaving little but charts and instruments.

The mind of Columbus was filled with the idea of finding a way to India across the western ocean, and he applied to his native State, Genoa, for assistance in fitting out such an expedition. Being refused, he then appealed to King John II of Portugal who not only kept putting him off with half promises, but actually sent an adventurer, Dominguez do Arco, to

discover, if possible, an island beyond the Azores, of which tales had reached the Portuguese court. This man returned with such terrifying tales of the great ocean that the king decided that Columbus's plan was not practicable.

Columbus became disgusted with the treatment he had received from the Portuguese court, and went to Spain, first to Cordova and thence to Salamanca asking for help to carry out his great scheme. At the latter place he pleaded his cause before the learned professors and philosophers, who laughed him to scorn. Being poor and hungry, and unknown in the city, he set out on foot with his little boy, Diego, and asked for bread and water at the convent called La Rabida. The prior of the convent proved a friend in need. He became interested in Columbus's plans and gave him letters of introduction to persons who would be likely to help him.

We have not space here to tell you about all his adventures, but after many disappointments he was granted an interview by Queen Isabella, and her husband, King Ferdinand. It was about this time that the Moors were being driven out of Spain. Columbus was present at the conquest of Granada, when 300,000 Moors marched out, and Ferdinand and Isabella entered the city in triumph. Isabella was much impressed by the manner in which Columbus laid his plans before her, but the king said that his war with the Moors had left him without money sufficient to help this new scheme. Then Queen Isabella declared that she herself would undertake the cost of the expedition, and would, if necessary, sell her jewels for the purpose. In the end, Ferdinand gave way, and on April 17, 1492, the two sovereigns and Columbus signed a contract, some parts of which, it must be admitted, show that Columbus was somewhat grasping in his de-

mands. For instance, he and his heirs were to have forever the title of admiral of all lands and continents that might be discovered; he was to be viceroy and governor; and he was also to have one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, and silver that might be found in the new lands.

On August 3, 1492, Columbus left the little monastery of La Rabida, and set sail from Palos with one hundred and twenty men on three ships, the *Santa Maria,* the *Nina,* and the *Pinta.* At the Columbian Exposition held at Chicago in 1893, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's voyage, there were no more interesting exhibits than the reproductions of the little monastery of La Rabida, and of the three ships which formed Columbus's fleet. The largest of these ships measured only sixty-three feet in length—a striking contrast to the huge vessels of modern times—and they depended entirely upon

sails. You are all familiar with the accounts of Columbus's wonderful journey across the great unexplored ocean, of the trials he had with his sailors, of delays by calms, and of his first sight of the shores of the New World on October 12, 1492. If you should visit the Bahama Islands, on an eminence overlooking the bay at Watling's Island, you will see a stone shaft with an inscription on a tablet reading:

On This Spot
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
First Set Foot on the Soil of
the New World

Columbus called this island San Salvador. From it he sailed from island to island and at length came to Cuba, into the interior of which he journeyed, but not far enough to see that it was an island. He thought that it was a part of the mainland of Asia. On January 4, 1493, he started back to Spain, leaving forty men at Haiti, called by the Spaniards Espa-

ñola. His expedition had met with ill-fortune on this coast, and his own ship, the *Santa Maria,* had been wrecked.

On his return to Spain he landed at Palos and journeyed overland to Barcelona, where King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella received him with the highest honors. He brought back with him gold and many specimens of the products of the New World, not to forget some Indians, who were objects of the greatest astonishment. When he proposed a second expedition there was no trouble about getting the necessary funds and ships.

On September 25, 1493, Columbus set out on his second voyage to the West. On visiting the harbor where he had left the forty men, he found the fort deserted, the garrison having been murdered by the natives. This expedition consisted of seventeen ships and 1,500 men, and for two years Columbus endeavored to establish some sort of government among

the new colonies. He was not very successful, and in 1496 he again returned to Spain.

Two years later he embarked on his third voyage. This time he took a more southerly course and sighted Trinidad. After a short rest he coasted the South American continent, which he now saw for the first time. On reaching Santo Domingo, then the principal town in the colonies, he found trouble everywhere. Many of the colonists had rebelled during his absence, and he was unable to restore peace and order. By the authority of the Spanish court Francisco de Bobadilla was sent out to take the place of Columbus as governor of the new colonies. He treated Columbus with great injustice and cruelty. Without troubling to inquire into the charges made against Columbus by the colonists, he placed him in irons, would not allow him to see even his brothers, and sent him back to Spain. The sight of the Admiral in chains caused a reaction in his

favor, and King Ferdinand quickly ordered his release and summoned him to court.

Columbus now tried to secure his rights under the first contract which he had made with the king and queen, but was unsuccessful. He then asked for a fleet with which to continue his discoveries, and this was granted him on the condition that he did not call at San Domingo. In May, 1502, he set out on his fourth and last voyage, this time to seek a passage to the real East. He sailed along the coast of Central America and tried to plant a colony at Veragua. But after a few weeks of it, the colonists were disheartened and would stay no longer. His ships were in bad shape, and the Admiral himself was in poor health and had to take to his bed for several weeks. After many trials, dangers, and disasters, he was forced to return home, landing in Spain, on November 7, 1503. Within a few weeks Queen Isabella died. Columbus pleaded in

vain with the king to grant him the rights which belonged to him and his children, but he had no success. He retired to Vallodolid, where "in a mean room, clad in the Franciscan garb, his chains hung on the wall to remind him of the vanity of this world and of its ingratitude, he wore out his last sad, destitute days, dying on May 20, 1506."

The finding of the New World has been described as "the most important event which has occurred since the advent of Jesus Christ," and doubtless this is true. But, because he discovered America by accident, as it were, some writers have gone so far as to say that "we owe nothing to Columbus." That this view is shared by only a few is shown by the monuments which have been erected in honor of the great navigator both here and abroad. All praise is due to Columbus for his strong faith in his enterprise, for his wonderful perseverance, and for a determination to succeed which

nothing could daunt. Columbus was a religious man in his way. He wrote the name of Christ on his banner and gave Him all honor. When he landed on the shores of San Salvador he held a sword in one hand and the banner of Christ in the other. The company fell upon their knees and praised God. But Columbus was far from being a perfect man, and it is to be feared that his treatment of the natives in the early days or that of the men under him, whom he did not check, was the cause of his final lack of success in establishing colonies.

After all has been said, however, the fact remains that we *do* owe a very great debt to the fearless navigator who, in a mere cockle-shell of a ship, sailed out of Spain he knew not whither; and it is most fitting that a day should be set apart on which to honor him whose faith and daring gave to the world an ever-widening home of liberty and freedom. As Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, speaking at the dedication cere-

COLUMBUS

monies of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, said: "All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument; and unnumbered millions who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame."

Columbus Day has also been called Discovery Day. It was set aside as a legal holiday under the latter name by President Benjamin Harrison, in 1892, who said in his proclamation:

"Columbus stood in his age as the pioneer of progress and achievement. The system of universal education is in our age the most prominent and salutary feature of the spirit of enlightenment, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the schools be made by the people the center of the day's demonstration. Let the national flag float over every school-house in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizenship. In the churches and in other places of assembly of the people let there be expressions of gratitude to Divine Providence for the devout faith of the discoverer, and for the Divine care and guidance which has directed our history, and so abundantly blessed our people."

Today Columbus Day is recognized as a holiday in some thirty-three of our States, and its celebration is fittingly observed by parades and school exercises. We can only honor our coun-

try and ourselves by honoring Columbus. We are the rich heirs of his dauntless spirit.

No kingly conqueror, since time began
The long career of ages, had to man
A scope so ample given for trade's bold range,
Or caused of earth's wide stage such rapid, mighty change.

HALLOWE'EN

(October 31)

HALLOWE'EN

Old Time

Hark! Did you hear that sound in the grass?
Mayhap a witch or ghost did pass.
Was that the owl's lone cry?
Is that the wind among the trees?
What voice is whispering in the breeze?
Are spirits really nigh?

New Time

Hark! Did you hear that sound in the grass?
Mayhap some mischief-makers pass;
There's laughter in their cry.
This is the night for girls and boys,
For games and pranks and stunts and noise;
With lanterns gleaming high.

HALLOWE'EN

What boy or girl does not delight in Hallowe'en? The very sound of the name is mysterious, but at the same time jolly. Each year as it approaches we begin to think of some prank that will help to celebrate it; and if we are lucky enough to be invited to a Hallowe'en party, our cup of joy is full.

And yet Hallowe'en is not, strictly speaking, a holiday. It is only supposed to begin after sundown, and one always gets that part of the day as a holiday anyhow. But one does get a little longer evening because of it, and that is some advantage. Our fathers and mothers remember the time when *they* bobbed for apples and told fortunes, and so they extend the hour for bedtime a trifle on this night of nights.

The story of Hallowe'en is well worth the knowing. It dates away back hundreds of years. Because the name is shortened from All Hallow's Eve, or the Eve of All Saints' Day, many people think that it is, or was, a church festival; but this is not true. We know that in England, long before the Christian era, there was a custom of lighting bonfires on the hilltops, on the last evening in October, to ward off evil spirits. Among the Celts, an ancient people who once lived in Britain, there was an important religious order known as Druids, the members of which were physicians, wonder-workers, and priests. These Druids offered sacrifices to the pagan gods, and one of the great festivals of the year was that of Samhain ("the end of summer"). The Druids sacrificed a horse to the sun-god as a thanksgiving for the harvest, and as late as the year 400 A.D. sacrifices were offered in Britain to the moon-god, on what we now call Hallow-

e'en. In those days superstition, the fear of the unknown, was very common; and one of the widespread beliefs was that on Hallowe'en night the spirits of the dead were allowed to return to visit their homes and friends. In some parts of the British Isles this belief continued until comparatively modern times. On that night great fires were kindled on the hills, and men might have been seen standing in circles, waving aloft on pitchforks plaited wisps of blazing straw for the purpose of warding off the attacks of witches. And they fully believed that this was necessary, too!

For the origin of the name, Hallowe'en, we must go back to ancient Rome. In February of each year, the Romans formerly held public religious rites, known as the Feralia, in honor of the dead. In 610 A.D. the Pope ordained that the old Roman temple, called the Pantheon, should be converted into a Christian church, dedicated to the memory of all the mar-

tyrs. The festival was held on May 1st, until 834, when it was moved forward to November 1st. In Great Britain, naturally enough, it became associated with the feast of the Druids held at this time, and was called Haligan or All Hallows. The night before it was known as All Hallows' Eve or Even, which was soon shortened to Hallowe'en.

If there is one fact above all others that the history of Hallowe'en amply shows us, it is that superstitions die hard. The belief in magic, and the days of burning witches have happily passed, but there were many popular beliefs about Hallowe'en which were held by nearly everybody as late as the eighteenth century, and even today some folks believe in them. A writer on the subject, John Brand, who published a book at the time of our Revolutionary War, says: "It is a custom at Hallowe'en in Ireland, when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three

nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married."

The poet of Scotland, Robert Burns, also tells us some interesting things in his famous poem "Hallowe'en." It is a graphic picture of the ceremonies practised on that evening in the west of Scotland a hundred and fifty years ago. One custom still followed is that of pulling kail-stocks or stalks of colewort. "The young people go out hand-in-hand, blindfolded, into the kailyard or garden, and each pulls the first stalk which he meets with. Then they return to the fireside to inspect their prizes. According as the stalk is big or little, so will the future wife or husband be of the party by whom it is pulled. The quantity of earth stick-

instance. The practice consisted in wetting a shirt sleeve and hanging it up to the fire to dry, while its owner lay awake in bed watching it till midnight, "when the apparition of the future partner for life will come in and turn the sleeve." If on Hallowe'en night a girl ate an apple while looking in a mirror, it was believed she would see her future husband peeping over her shoulder. In Burns's poem the girl is afraid to go to the glass alone, and

> Wee Jenny to her granny says:
> "Will ye go wi' me, Granny?
> I'll eat the apple at the glass,
> I gat fra Uncle Johnny!"

But the old lady indignantly refuses, and tells her granddaughter that although she may "get a sight," she has cause to fear it, for many a one "has gotten a fright" and died delirious from such an experience.

Apples and nuts seem always to have had

a prominent place in Hallowe'en "stunts." Indeed, in the north of England, the night is often called "Nutcrack Night." In Cornwall it is termed "Allan Night," and it is the custom to present the children with a large apple each. Hundreds of children would deem it a great misfortune if they were to go to bed on Allan Night without the time-honored Allan apple to hide under their pillow. A curious and uncanny Hallowe'en custom prevailed for many years in Wales. It is described by a writer of the eighteenth century, who says: "Every family about an hour in the night makes a great bonfire in the most conspicuous place and when the fire is almost extinguished, every one throws a white stone into the ashes, having first marked it; then, having said their prayers turning round the fire, they go to bed. In the morning as soon as they are up, they come to search out the stones, and if any one of them is found wanting, they have a notion that the

person who threw it in will die before he sees another Hallowe'en."

In America we have all the fun of Hallowe'en without losing much sleep over its superstitions. Hallowe'en parties are among our most popular gatherings, and range from the simplest celebration to the most expensive entertainment. But the simple and jolly kind are best. And of all the sports perhaps the diving for apples is the most general. This, by the way, is a very old custom, and has afforded fun to generations of boys and girls on the other side of the Atlantic. An old writer says: "But the grand sport with apples on Hallowe'en is to set them afloat in a tub of water, into which the juveniles, by turns, duck their heads with the view of catching an apple. Great fun goes on in watching the attempts of the youngster in the pursuit of the swimming fruit, which wriggles from side to side of the tub, and evades all attempts to capture it. The

HALLOWE'EN

apples provided with stalks are generally caught first, and then comes the tug of war to win those that have none. Some competitors will deftly suck up the apple, if a small one, into their mouths. Others plunge manfully overhead in pursuit of the particular apple, and, having forced it to the bottom of the tubs, seize it firmly with their teeth, and emerge, dripping and triumphant, with their prize."

Where the tub of water is not handy, or the careful mothers wish to avoid getting everybody's clothes wet, the apples are hung up on short strings which in turn are tied to a longer string stretching across the room. The game is then to see which boy or girl can get the first bite out of the swinging fruit. Of course, the hands cannot be used, but are kept behind the back. As the apples swing in every direction from their strings, one's nose or mouth is liable to be smartly rapped.

Another scheme is to tie doughnuts, instead

of apples to the string. Then the contestants have to eat the entire prize without pulling it off the string. Still another game that is "stacks of fun" is to hide silver dimes or quarters in a pan of flour, from which the competitors have to pick them up with their mouths. Before they have finished, the faces of the youngsters are whiter than the locks of the oldest onlookers.

Many such games have been devised and, as said before, most of them nowadays are in the nature of pranks. Few deal with the telling of fortunes. But Hallowe'en night is a fine time to tell ghost stories.

In some of the Eastern States the children like to dress up in fantastic costumes and go calling on their friends. They carry Jack-o'-Lanterns, sometimes paper ones, sometimes carved out of real pumpkins, or any sort of fancy lantern. In the country where pumpkins are abundant, only the carved

out kind is acceptable. This is the night, too, when the spirit of mischief is abroad. Front gates are taken off their hinges; wagon wheels are hung up in trees; and tick-tacks frighten the nervous persons who remain indoors. A tick-tack, be it known, is a very simple contrivance, usually a small stone tied to one end of a string, while the other end is fastened to a window sash. A long string is then tied to the short one, and as the party in ambush pulls it, a sharp rapping on the window-pane results.

But, after all, the pumpkin lantern parade and the bonfire are the great outdoor events of the night. The fallen leaves have been carefully collected into a prodigious heap around an empty box. The fire is lighted, the torches are kindled, and the "procession" gives the boys and girls a healthy appetite for the "eats," without which no Hallowe'en party would be complete. In they troop to a supper table that

presents a grotesque realism which would have made old Robert Burns stare. Brownies, witches, bats, black cats, toads, snakes, and spiders are to be seen, by the weird light of little Jack-o'-Lanterns or witch candles—but the shrieks of delight show that no one is frightened; for they are all made out of paper or papier maché. Indeed, a large business is carried on each year in the manufacture and sale of these novelties; but where they cannot readily be bought, a little crêpe paper and some ingenuity can transform any room into a grotto where may be held the high revels of Hallowe'en.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

(November 1)

OVER THE RIVER

Over the river they beckon to me——
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail.

And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

Special days set apart in memory of the dead are common to all lands. The custom is almost as old as mankind. In our own country we have such a special day in Memorial Day, when we do honor to the memory of our soldier dead.

But many people like another day also, for the remembrance of friends or relatives; and so in several churches such a day is celebrated. All Saints' Day, as it is called, is one of the holy days of our Protestant Episcopal Church, as well as the Church of England, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Greek Church. It was formerly called All Hallows Day, and Hallowmass. The night before it is called Hallowe'en, as we have just seen in our Hallowe'en

story. All Saints' Day was first kept on the first of November in the year 834, but before that a similar festival had been held on different dates. Some sixteen hundred years ago, in what was then known as the Eastern Church, the Sunday after Whitsuntide was called All Saints' Sunday.

This, however, is not the same as All Souls' Day, a festival of the Roman Catholic Church, which occurs on November 2. Members of this church believe that at death the soul enters Purgatory; and in ancient times it was customary for criers, dressed in black, to parade the streets, ringing a bell of mournful sound and calling on all good Christians to remember the poor souls in Purgatory and join in prayer for their relief.

"In Southern Italy," says Walsh, "notably in Salerno, there was another ancient custom, which was put an end to in the fifteenth century because it was thought to savor of pagan-

ism. Every family used to spread a table abundantly for the regalement of the souls of its dead members on their way from Purgatory. All then spent the day in church, leaving the house open, and if any of the food remained on the table when they came back it was an ill-omen. Curiously enough, large numbers of thieves used to resort to the city at this time, and there was seldom any food left to presage evil."

In France, All Souls' Day is called the *Jour des Morts,* or "Day of the Dead," and is made the occasion of a widespread and beautiful observance. "For two or three weeks before the day arrives," writes Walsh, "the shop windows and the news-venders' kiosks are laden with wreaths and garlands of immortelles, some in their natural color, some dyed blue, pink, or purple. On All Saints' the people stream to the cemeteries. Thousands of people, thousands of wreaths. The cemeteries

are one mass of brilliant color, of moving throngs, for not even the remotest corner of the potter's field is neglected. Above the dust of the pauper, as well as the prince, is left some token of remembrance. Pains are taken that no graves of friends and relatives are neglected, lest their spirits should have their feelings hurt during their visit, by perceiving this neglect. The children, especially, are encouraged to delight in the thought of pleasing the little dead brother, sister, or friend by making the tiny mounds that mark their resting-places gay and bright-looking."

All Saints' Day is a sort of prelude to All Souls' Day in France; it is looked upon as we look upon Christmas Eve as a prelude to Christmas Day. This is also true of Italy. But in other European countries the decorating of graves begins on All Saints' Day, either because it is looked upon as the Eve of All Souls', or from the pious and complimentary

hope that the dead in whom the celebrant is interested may have already passed out of the penitential flames of Purgatory into the company of the blessed. In a Catholic Alpine village, as soon as the mass has been heard on All Saints' Day, the women of the family busy themselves with weaving wreaths of evergreens, into which any flowers that are still hardy enough to blossom are eagerly worked. In the afternoon these are carried to the churchyard and laid upon the graves with almost silent reverence; and in the evening a lamp is placed at the foot of the last resting-place of every departed friend. At such a time the cemetery is a strange sight, with the garlands, the lights, and the groups of mourners kneeling, often in the snow.

All Saints' Day was introduced into the church calendar owing to the impossibility of having a separate day for each saint, and it is really a festival in honor of all the martyrs,

or those who have died for the church; while All Souls' Day is set apart for "those who, while they have not suffered death for the church, yet have died as believers." Nowadays, in the minds of most persons, there is the same thought for both days,—a memorial for dear ones who have passed from earth into the great hereafter. As Longfellow says, in his beautiful poem, "Resignation,"

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

There is another and still finer thought behind our celebration to All Saints' Day—and that is, the thought of meeting our friends again. Death is robbed of its sting, if we think of it only as a parting for a little while. Carlyle has said:

It is an old belief that on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief, dear friends shall
meet once more,
Beyond the sphere of time, and death and its
control,
Serene in changeless prime of body and of soul.
This hope we still would keep, this faith we'll
not forego,
Unending be the sleep, if not to waken so.

In our country very little attention is paid to All Saints' Day, beyond the church observances. In only one State, Louisiana, is it made a legal holiday; and this is probably due to the fact that many French settled in that State. We have already noticed how general is the observance in France. In other States days of mourning or remembrance are left to each family group. Our Memorial Day, in the Spring, may be regarded as our one national Day of All Saints.

ELECTION DAY

(First Tuesday after First Monday in November)

THE BALLOT

As noiseless fall those printed slips
  As fall the silent dews of night,
Yet never words from human lips
  Had greater majesty and might.
They are the fiat and the will
  Of patriots who love their land,
Who aim their duty to fulfil,
  And on that firmly take their stand.

Millions on millions through the land
  Fall noiseless as the rain and snow,
A puff of wind may from the hand
  Release and whirl it to and fro.
Administrations rise and fall,
  And parties rise or cease to be,
Obedient to the ballot's call,
  The weapon of a people free.

WILLIAM G. HAESELBARTH.

ELECTION DAY

In this free land of America we are so used to electing our own heads of government and deciding all of our great questions by "the voice of the people," that we are often in danger of forgetting how precious is this privilege. We are, indeed, wonderfully favored in having the right to decide questions by the vote. In this simple thing we have fallen heir to the finest fruits of all the ages, and have been given what men have struggled for and dreamed about, for thousands of years.

If you will read the story of ancient nations, you will notice that, almost always, they were governed by kings—men who were born into power and lorded it over the people without giving them any voice in the matter. This

was so general that for centuries they accepted it as a matter of course; the common folks were not supposed to have brains enough to manage their own affairs; and the princes saw to it that they didn't have the power. Sometimes there would be revolts and the people would try to set up their own government, but such attempts were usually short-lived. Greece was perhaps the first of these old nations to try what we call democracy, and the historian Herodotus gives us an interesting account of this experiment—for it was nothing more; the world at large was not ready for it.

One old method of voting among the Greeks was by dropping pebbles or shells into a closed box. If a magistrate was unpopular and enough shells were dropped in to this effect, he was sent into exile, or "ostracized." We still use this old word in a broader sense, and it comes from the Greek word meaning a shell.

As the centuries went by and the common people became more versed in the ways of government, they rebelled more and more at the notion of the "divine right of kings." They felt that, since they were the ones most directly concerned, their own voice should have more weight than that of their rulers. In England this idea came to a head when, in the thirteenth century, King John was compelled to sign the Magna Charta, or Great Charter, which guaranteed certain liberties to the masses. This paper became the foundation of a great deal of English law; and from this time on, the English people took over more and more affairs into their own hands until today they have a government which, while headed by a king, is really one of the most democratic of all the nations.

In France they won freedom much more painfully. Their long succession of kings and nobles had lived extravagant lives, so that the

common people became very poor and downtrodden. At last there was a reaction, and the bloody French Revolution broke out, a little over a hundred years ago, which was to rage for several years, and give way for a time to an empire, before the French Republic arose from the ruins.

It is said by historians, that the French Revolution was caused, or at least hastened, by the success of our own Revolution, a few years before. The United States was the first of modern republics and is still the greatest, remaining an example to the whole world. The French paid a graceful tribute to this fact when they gave us the great statue now holding aloft its torch in the New York harbor of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

Of recent years our example of self-government has been followed by one nation after another, until there are far more republics than other forms. One result of the great World

War was to cause Russia, one of the most oppressed of countries, to overthrow its Czar.

The story of how our own nation was born is familiar to us all, but is worth recalling especially to mind, on Election Day. The British Government said that it had the right to tax us, without allowing us in return a voice in its law-making body; and so "taxation without representation" became our call to arms. As Mr. William J. Bryan has said:

"The Declaration of Independence set before the world four great truths which were declared to be self-evident; first, that all men are created equal; second, that they are endowed with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; third, that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights; fourth, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Upon these four pillars, quarried from the mountain of eternal truth, all

free government must forever rest. Then followed the War of the Revolution, with its sacrifices and its sacred memories, with its trials and its triumphs, establishing a government dedicated to liberty."

After we had won our freedom through the Revolution the next step was to prepare a plan of self-government. This was done by means of our Constitution drawn up by a special convention in 1787. It provided a plan by which our affairs should be administered under three heads: (1) the Legislative, or Law-making Department, consisting of a Congress of two bodies, the Senate and the House of Representatives; (2) the Executive, or Law-executing, Department, consisting of a President, Vice-President, and other civil officers; and (3) a Judicial, or Law-interpreting, Department, headed by a Supreme Court and having other courts and judges.

Of all the many officers thus created, some

are appointed, while others are elected. The President and Vice-President are elected, as well as the members of the House of Representatives. Besides these, each State, County, and Town have their own officers who are to be elected. And so the "first Tuesday after the first Monday in November" is set apart as general Election Day. The reason it is so designated is to prevent the election from falling on the very first day of the month.

The election for President is held every four years, and for Representatives every two years. Governors in various States hold terms of office of different lengths, some being only one year. For this reason every November witnesses Election Day somewhere in the United States, and often a special election is held at other times; but naturally the Presidential elections are the greatest of all

Because they come so frequently we are thoroughly used to the idea of Election Day,

and perhaps are inclined to grow careless in the exercise of our privileges. Every citizen has a solemn duty to perform, to see to it that the very best man possible is chosen for each office.

The method of voting, while it sounds complicated, is really very simple. First is held a registration day, at which time every grown person entitled to vote must register, or sign his name and address. This is for the purpose of checking up the lists. Then on Election Day proper the voter goes to the voting office where he has been registered and is there given a ballot, or vote, which is a long slip of paper showing the candidates for each office. He makes his choice, and the ballot is folded and dropped through a slit into a large box, just as one would drop a penny into a bank. At the close of the day the votes are counted, and the men receiving the largest number are declared elected.

Election Night, great crowds gather before the bulletin boards to watch the returns come in from all over the country. It is a time of noise and cheering and good humor. The victorious side chaffs the vanquished, but the crowd takes it good-naturedly and accepts the verdict in a "sporting" spirit. This, in fact, is one of the finest possible tests of the strength of our form of government. No matter how keen the rivalry before election, or how bitter the feeling between parties and issues, once the voting is over, people return calmly to their accustomed work, and within a week one would hardly know that there had been an election at all.

When you are given the right to vote, and march up to the ballot-box for the first time, do not accept this gift lightly or carelessly. For, as a writer has well said: "It is a grand thing, something which involves profound doctrines of right, something which has cost ages of ef-

SONG FOR THANKSGIVING

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

HENRY ALFORD.

THANKSGIVING

One autumn day in New England, about three hundred years ago, four men might have been seen starting out on a hunting expedition. This was no uncommon sight, but the present was no ordinary day's sport; it was a special mission sent out by the Governor, to obtain wild game for a feast of Thanksgiving. The first harvest of their little colony had been gathered in, and in honor of the occasion they must procure turkeys and other wild fowl to grace their board, so that they "might after a more special manner rejoice together." As these sturdy men wandered about over the snow, and as, the next day, their busy wives and daughters cooked the goodly supply of game which they brought in, they little dreamed

its rich autumn tints; and as they looked across their rich fields to the wild flowers and russet foliage of the forest, which, only a few short months before, had seemed so bleak and forbidding, a spirit of gratitude filled their hearts. They resolved to prepare a great feast of Thanksgiving, and invite to it their Indian friends who had helped to make all this possible.

A quaint account of the occasion may be still read in a letter by Edward Winslow, one of the company and later its Governor, dated December 11, 1621. He wrote to a friend in England as follows:

"You shall understand that, in the little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the plantation and have made preparations for divers others. We set the last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn and sowed some six acres of barley and peas, and, according to

PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH

the manner of the Indians, we manured our ground with herrings or rather shads, which we have in great abundance, and take with great ease at our doors.

"Our corn did prove well; and, God be praised, we have a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good, but our peas not worth the gathering, for we feared they were too late down. They came up very well and blossomed; but the sun parched them in the blossom.

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as many fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week, at which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men,

whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed on our governor, and on the captain and the others.

"And, altho it is not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we wish you partakers of our plenty."

What a dinner it must have been, and what a company to eat it! There sat the old Indian king Massasoit, at the head of the board, with Governor Bradford, while down the long table on each side sat the ninety braves and their white hosts, headed by Captain Standish. Back and forth from the kitchen went Priscilla and the other girls busily keeping the plates filled. Never was seen such a feast in the New World. There were wild turkeys, geese, ducks, and water fowl, besides codfish, clams, and oysters; and there were barley loaves, and corn-

bread, salad, fruits, and pastries of many kinds. And for fear there would not be enough—as well he might after three such days!—the old king sent out five of his braves on a still longer hunting trip, and they brought back five deer. Some was barbecued, Indian fashion, but of the rest there were savory venisons, stews, roasts and steaks. Between "eats" they held games and contests between Indians and colonists. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time in their history.

If we were spinning merely a tale of fancy, how fine it would be to say that this day of feasting and friendship so well begun has continued as an annual event without stop or hindrance until our own day!—that harvests have always been bountiful, and that we have been at peace with red men and white men alike! But this is not the way our true story runs. Many hard years were in store for the settlers —years when their crops failed them and their

enemies lay in wait—and at such times the people had no heart for feasting. However, we read that, in 1631, a Thanksgiving was held at Boston over the arrival of a much-needed ship with provisions; and the next year the Governor of Massachusetts appointed a day of thanks, and asked the head of the Plymouth Colony to join in its observance. After that, from time to time, local celebrations were held; but it was not until the Revolutionary War, toward the end of the next century, that a national Thanksgiving Day was ordered by Congress. Washington later issued the first Presidential proclamation setting aside the day, but still its observance was limited to the Northern States.

In the South it was almost unknown as late as the year 1855, when the Governor of Virginia sent a message to the State Legislature urging recognition of the holiday. Much opposition was aroused, many persons saying that

it was a relic of Puritan bigotry. But two years later the next Governor of that State issued a proclamation appointing the day, and it was celebrated with true Southern hospitality. The next year eight other Southern States had fallen in line; but the outbreak of the Civil War put a temporary stop to it. Finally, in 1864, President Lincoln issued a proclamation setting aside the fourth Thursday in November for a national Day of Thanksgiving, with a view to making this date an annual holiday in every State. Every President since then has followed his lead, and the fourth Thursday in November has become the accepted day all over the land; although, each year, a special message must be issued to this effect.

However, the idea of a special day of thanks and feasting by no means belongs to America. Like many another good idea back of our national holidays, the germ of this one is found in olden times. When the Children of Israel

were in the land of the Canaanites, we read (in the Book of Judges) that the Canaanites "went out in the field, and gathered their vineyards, and trod the grapes and held festival, and went into the house of their God, and did eat and drink."

The Israelites may have copied the custom from them, for later they instituted the Feast of Tabernacles, at which time they dwelt in booths or tents, in memory of their forty years of wandering, and gave thanks to God for their harvests. Moses gave these directions for the holiday (found in Deuteronomy):

"Thou shalt keep the feast of tabernacles seven days, after that thou hast gathered in from thy threshing-floor and from thy wine-press; and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man-servant and thy maidservant, and the Levite, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, that are within thy gates. Seven days

shalt thou keep a feast unto the Lord thy God . . . because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thine increase, and in all the work of thine hands, and thou shalt be altogether joyful."

This custom of making thanksgiving after harvest became the principal festival of the Jewish year. In the book of Nehemiah the Lord commanded, "Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive branches, and branches of wild olive and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths. . . . So the people went forth and brought them, and made themselves booths, every one upon the roof of his house, and in their courts, and in the courts of the house of God, and in the broad place of the water gate. . . . And there was very great gladness."

In ancient Greece also there was a harvest festival called the Thesmophoria, which was

something like the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. It was the feast of Demeter, goddess of the soil and of harvests, and was celebrated in Athens, in November, by housewives only. Two noblewomen were chosen to perform the sacred rites, and to prepare the feast, which, as you see, suggests our Thanksgiving dinner. On the first day of the feast, amid great rejoicing, the women went in a gaily bedecked procession to the cliff of Colias where stood the temple of Demeter, and celebrated their Thanksgiving for three days. This was followed by a festival for three days in Athens, sad at first, but generally becoming a riot of mirth and dancing. A cow and a sow were offered to the goddess, besides fruit and honeycombs. The symbols of the fruitful goddess were poppies, corn, fruit, and a pig.

The Romans worshipped a goddess of the harvest under the name of Ceres. Her festival, which occurred yearly on October 4th, was

called the Cerelia. We still have this word in our "cereals" or grains. The holiday began with a fast among the common people who offered a sow and the first of the harvest to the goddess. Then there were fantastic parades in the fields and rustic sports. The ceremonies ended with the usual feast of Thanksgiving.

In early England they celebrated "Harvest Home," and it was said to be dated back to the times of the Saxons. There were many curious customs during the harvest time, such as dressing up in a corn sheaves, and having a parade in honor of the last wagons brought in from the fields. An old song runs:

Harvest home! harvest home!
We've ploughed, we've sowed,
We've reaped, we've mowed,
We've brought home every load.
Hip, hip, hip, harvest home!

Clarke in his "Travels," written a hundred years ago, gives this account of a harvest-home

festival in Cambridge: "At a Hawkie, as it is called, or Harvest-Home, I have seen a clown dressed in woman's clothes, having his face painted, his head decorated with ears of corn, and bearing about with him other emblems of Ceres, carried in a wagon, with great pomp and loud shouts, through the streets, the horses being covered with white sheets; and, when I inquired the meaning of the ceremony, was answered by the people that 'they were drawing the Harvest Queen.' "

Coming from such English stock, it was but natural that the early settlers in our own land should think of celebrating the Harvest Home. It was, so to speak, in their blood.

Today we celebrate it in much the same spirit as did the Pilgrim Fathers. Church services are held for those who wish to keep in touch with the religious spirit of the day; but with the large majority of us it is peculiarly a *home* festival—the time when we round up

THANKSGIVING PIES

all the stragglers and bring them together again in the home circle—and when the good father and mother can help the plates again of each one of their grown-up boys and girls, and of *their* boys and girls in turn, about the ever-increasing board.

And Thanksgiving comes at just the very best time for a feast. The fat old gobbler has reached his perfection; the pumpkins smile a golden smile; the harvest is in; and the cider sparkles in the mill. At such a time as this we can well give thanks,——

For the hay and the corn and wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,
For the rose and the song, and the harvest brought home——
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are
blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea unto sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the
Free"——
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

CHRISTMAS

(December 25)

GOD REST YOU

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
  Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
  Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
  When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
  For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.

OLD ENGLISH CAROL.

CHRISTMAS

The hearts of all mankind are turned
  Toward lowly Bethlehem;
For in the East the wondrous star that burned
  In days of old
  Still beckons them.

If all our holidays except one had to be given up, and we had only one in the whole year, which one, do you suppose, would we vote to keep? It is not hard to answer that question, for if such a vote were put, we would hear the answer like a mighty chorus, the grown folks' voices mingling with those of the children, as from a single throat—Christmas!

Last of all the holidays in the year, it holds first place in our hearts. And this is as it should be, for it represents the greatest event

in our history; and that is why it is the most widely celebrated festival in all the world.

It is not at all certain that the twenty-fifth of December is the actual date of the birth of Jesus. There is no historic record of the day, but historians and astronomers have figured out that it must have been about the time of the winter solstice—that is, when the days are the shortest and the sun is farthest away from the earth. This season of the year also was a period of great feasting on the part of the ancient Romans. The sun was about to return to them—hence their joy. Their festival was called the Saturnalia. When the Christian faith began to spread, it was thought best to celebrate Christmas at this same time, and thus do away with the heathen festival. Naturally the Roman emperors objected at first, and many Christians were persecuted and put to death for its observance.

In the year 303, the Emperor Diocletian or-

dered the churches to be burned while Christmas was being celebrated, and about twenty thousand Christians perished. But with the recognition of the new faith by the Emperor Constantine, the celebration of Christmas became an established custom.

The word Christmas means "mass of Christ." That it has been celebrated as a festival of the birth of Christ ever since the first century is shown by writings upon the walls of the early Christian tombs.

Northern people had a similar festival in honor of the God Thor, called Yule. Many of the pagan customs which attended the Roman Saturnalia and the feast of Yule have survived in the traditions which surround our modern observance of Christmas. The Yule log, for instance, dates back to the time of the Saxons and Goths, who burned such a log at their festival of the winter solstice. On Christmas eve in old English homes, the yule log or clog,

sometimes the root of a tree, was brought into the house with great ceremony and lighted with a bit of tinder carefully saved from the fire of the preceding year. Even the cottages had their yule-log and by its cheerful blaze the whole room was lighted. This log was supposed to burn all night, and if it went out it was a sign of ill-luck. An old song runs:

> Come, bring with a noise,
> My merrie, merrie boyes,
> The Christmas log to the firing.

The yule log is still burnt in many farmhouses of Northern England, and there are many superstitions current among the peasantry about it. If, while it is afire, a squint-eyed or a bare-footed person comes into the house, it is considered an ill-omen. A stick charred from the yule log placed under the bed is thought to keep lightning from striking the house.

The origin of the Christmas tree is also

marked by legends and stories of the past. One beautiful legend is that St. Boniface converted the German tribes from their worship of Thor to Christianity, and their "Thunder Oak," under which human sacrifices were made, was supplanted by another tree dedicated to love and good deeds.

"Here," said the apostle, as his eyes fell on a young fir-tree standing straight and green, with its top pointing toward the stars, amid the divided ruins of the fallen oak, "here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Let us call it the tree of the Christ-child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. You shall go no more into the forests to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame, you shall keep them at home, with laughter and love. The Thunder Oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home in all the world where

the children are not gathered around the green fir-tree to rejoice in the birthright of Christ."

Many lands claim to have started the custom of the lighted Christmas tree. Its use has long been common in Germany. A pathetic story is told of some German soldiers who, at Christmas time, gathered branches of trees, and, hanging dry bread upon them, led their horses up to the feast that they might enjoy Christmas in the true fashion of the Fatherland.

One story of the origin of the lighted Christmas tree is that Martin Luther, on his way home on Christmas eve, was filled with wonder at the beauty of the Christmas stars, and tried to describe the scene to his wife. Utterly unable to express his emotions in words, he went out and brought in a fir-tree, lighted small candles, and placed them upon the branches as a symbol. "This," he said, "is like the Christmas sky, it is a Christmas tree." There are some old prints still preserved, which show

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Luther seated at a table upon which is a Christmas tree.

Old Santa Claus, without whom no Christmas would be complete, is also a subject of traditions running back hundreds of years, almost to the very beginning of the Christian era. The name is a variation of Saint Nicholas, who is said to have been Nicholas Archbishop of Myra, a father of the Church in the fourth century. But from this small point of fact the good saint has been a great wanderer. He first appears in the Northland as a grim figure riding upon a white horse, resembling our modern fancy of the image of Death. He was followed about, upon Christmas eve, by the souls of little children, some said, the spirits of the innocents slain at Bethlehem by the order of Herod. So, at Yule-tide children placed their wooden shoes full of oats outside the door, for the great white horse, and, in the morning, if they were

good children, the oats were gone and the shoes filled with apples and nuts.

Later he was seen in Germany as a tall, thin fellow wearing a peaked hat; his deep pockets being full of sugar plums for the children. It was not until after he came over the sea to America that he became the fat, round, beaming elf who has become so familiar, and was first made immortal in "The Night before Christmas." Evidently our climate has agreed with him, although he doubtless scrambled down the chimneys a lot more easily in his younger days when he was slim.

Santa's chief mission today is to fill the stockings which await his coming at the fire-place. The custom of hanging up stockings is likewise very old. We have seen how the European children used to leave their shoes outside the door, filled with oats for the Saint's horse. In some countries the shoes are hung up, and the little Spanish maiden hides her slippers in the

bushes for good Saint Nick. Long ago the children hung up their stockings on Saint Nicholas' Eve, which was on December 6. A probable early origin of the custom of hanging up stockings comes from a popular belief among girls of the Old World that Saint Nicholas would provide them with dowries, or marriage portions. There is an old story that he threw three purses of gold into the home of a man too poor to provide dowries for his three daughters. In some places the girls would hang long, stocking-shaped purses at their doors, as a still stronger hint to the Saint. After a time they ceased to do this on Saint Nicholas' Eve, and the stocking-hanging was made a part of our observance of Christmas.

Of course there is a wealth of folk tales about so popular a holiday. It is said that in the country round about Bethlehem a strange quiet prevailed on the night before the birth of Jesus. The birds were still, and even the wind

was hushed; while wolves and other beasts of prey left the flocks in peace. The poet, Milton, in his "Ode to the Nativity," sings:

Peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist.

But on the moment that the song of the angels announced the new gift of God, all nature re-awakened to joy and thanksgiving. Beasts were given tongues, and many marvels were wrought. Shakespeare in his play, "Hamlet," shows us that in England during the Middle Ages, people believed that these wonders might still be seen:

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; and then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

In many lands the country people believed that on Christmas Eve the cattle and horses could speak, and that at midnight they all knelt down in praise of the little Child who had once been cradled in a manger.

The custom of giving gifts on Christmas arose from the fact that Christ was the great gift of God to the world. If one can do nothing more he can at least give Christmas greeting to his friends—a pleasant custom that is found in every civilized country.

In Germany, on Christmas Eve, the whole household attends a simple church service. The only lights are candles held by the worshippers, making an impressive scene. The service over, greetings are exchanged on every side.

In Servia and Bulgaria a quaint ceremony is performed by the head of the house, the first thing on Christmas morning. Before breakfast some corn is placed in a stocking, and the

man sprinkles a portion of it on the doorstep, saying "Christ is born;" to which the others reply, "He is born indeed." Then the man begins a series of wishes. He enters the house and, going to the fireplace, strikes the sparks from a log—wishing, as each blow is struck, good health to the horses, to the cattle, to the goats, and so on through all the livestock, ending up by wishing for a plenteous harvest. The ashes are then collected, and a coin is hidden away in them. The yule logs are not permitted to burn up entirely, but pieces of the burnt ends are placed in trees, to ensure a good crop.

In Norway and Sweden the "Julafred," or peace of Christmas, is publicly proclaimed. Early in the morning the children go to the church, which has been decorated. Later the grown folks attend. After a day of feasting, the family group gathers around the fire for an old-fashioned telling of stories.

"Merrie old England," says Walsh, "was the

soil in which Merrie Christmas took its firmest root. Even in Anglo-Saxon days we hear of Alfred holding revelry in December, 878, so that he allowed the Danes to surprise him, cut his army to pieces and send him a fugitive. The court revelries increased in splendor after the conquest. Christmas, it must be remembered, was not then a single day of sport. It had the preliminary novena which began December 16, and it ended on January 6, or Twelfth Night. All this period was devoted to holiday making."

A long book, indeed, might be written about the Christmas observances and legends all over the world.

One of the earliest of such holidays in America is marked by an amusing incident. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth upon the twenty-first of December, 1620. It was midwinter. The shores were bleak and desolate, and Sunday found them without shelter, yet none

thought of working on that day. The next day was Christmas, but they went to work with a will felling trees and building a common house. No one showed that he remembered that it was a holy-day; but the captain of the ship allowed some slight luxury in the evening rations. When the second Christmas came around, some young men refused to work upon that day, saying that it was against their conscience. Governor Bradford allowed them to remain at home, but when he returned he found them at play in the street, "pitching ye bar and such like." In high dudgeon he took away their games declaring that it was against his conscience that they should play when others worked.

This severity did not relax after the Puritans came into the colony. All Christmas observances were frowned upon. In fact, it was more than a century before the repeal of the law which provided a fine of five shillings for

any person found abstaining from labor, or feasting upon Christmas Day. The sturdy Puritans of Boston regarded with contempt any persons who observed the day by going to church or even by eating mince pie and plum pudding.

Nowadays things are very different in New England; but in many country towns more is made of the Thanksgiving than of the Christmas celebrations. There are a great many of the older people still living, who can tell you that as children they never paid much attention to Christmas—they never hung up their stockings, or saw a Christmas tree, or got a single present.

But if you want a real, rollicking, noisy Christmas of a different sort, you should visit in the Southern States. To all the Southern boys and girls it is the noisest, jolliest day of the year. "Siss, bang!" go the firecrackers, which, for some reason, are set afire on this

date rather than the Fourth of July. The horns toot, the bells ring. Southern folks, you know, came of a different stock and had a different upbringing, from those of the North. Their ancestors were the Cavaliers, a light-hearted, pleasure-loving people who brought over with them many of the customs which the Puritans deemed frivolous and wicked. One of these, for example, was the bringing in of the yule log. In the days of slavery this was a general practice. The slaves were allowed as many days holiday as this back-log would burn; and they would not only select the toughest, greenest oak log they could find, but would often soak it diligently in a neighboring stream. Christmas on the old plantation was a thing never to be forgotten. The darkeys thought that the day was invented especially for them, and with shining faces they went around saying, "Christmas gif', massa; Christmas gif', missus!" This old custom has been handed down

to the white boys and girls of today, who, instead of using any other greeting, rise up early and tiptoe about the house calling, "Christmas gift!" in the hope of catching the other person. The houses are decorated with green branches, and mistletoe is hung over the door; but the Christmas trees are more often found in the church celebrations, while the stockings are hung up at home. And such a dinner as is provided! Southern tables fairly outdo themselves to make this the greatest eating event of the year.

The Shakers observe their Christmas by giving a general dinner at which the men and the women sit down at the same table. This serves to mark the day for them especially, as on other days the men and women eat at separate tables. At sunset on Christmas day, after a long service at the church, they march in a body to the community house, where the men sit down on one side of the long table, and the women on

the other. At the head sits an old man called the Elder, who asks a long blessing. Now do they begin eating, you ask? Not yet! For each one in turn gets up and lifting the right hand, says in a solemn voice, "God is love." They then resume their seats and eat the dinner in perfect silence.

Of recent years in our land the beautiful custom is spreading, of having a community Christmas tree. New York City took up the observance about the year 1910, but was only following the lead of some smaller cities, in this regard. A central square is chosen—in New York it is Madison Square—and a fine large tree is set up, and decorated with garlands and candles. It is lighted each evening from Christmas to New Year, and outdoor chorals are sung. It is a visible sign to every passer-by that the busy, workaday world is not everything—that there is a finer spirit abroad, typified by the Christ-child—the brotherhood of

man. In the words of the sweet hymn of Felicia Hemans:

Oh! lovely voices of the sky
Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
Oh! voices of the sky!

Oh! clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed,
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head.
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith——
Oh! clear and shining light!

GT 4803 .M4 1917

McSpad
1874-

The bo

DATE DUE

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY
3 0645 1001 1861 7